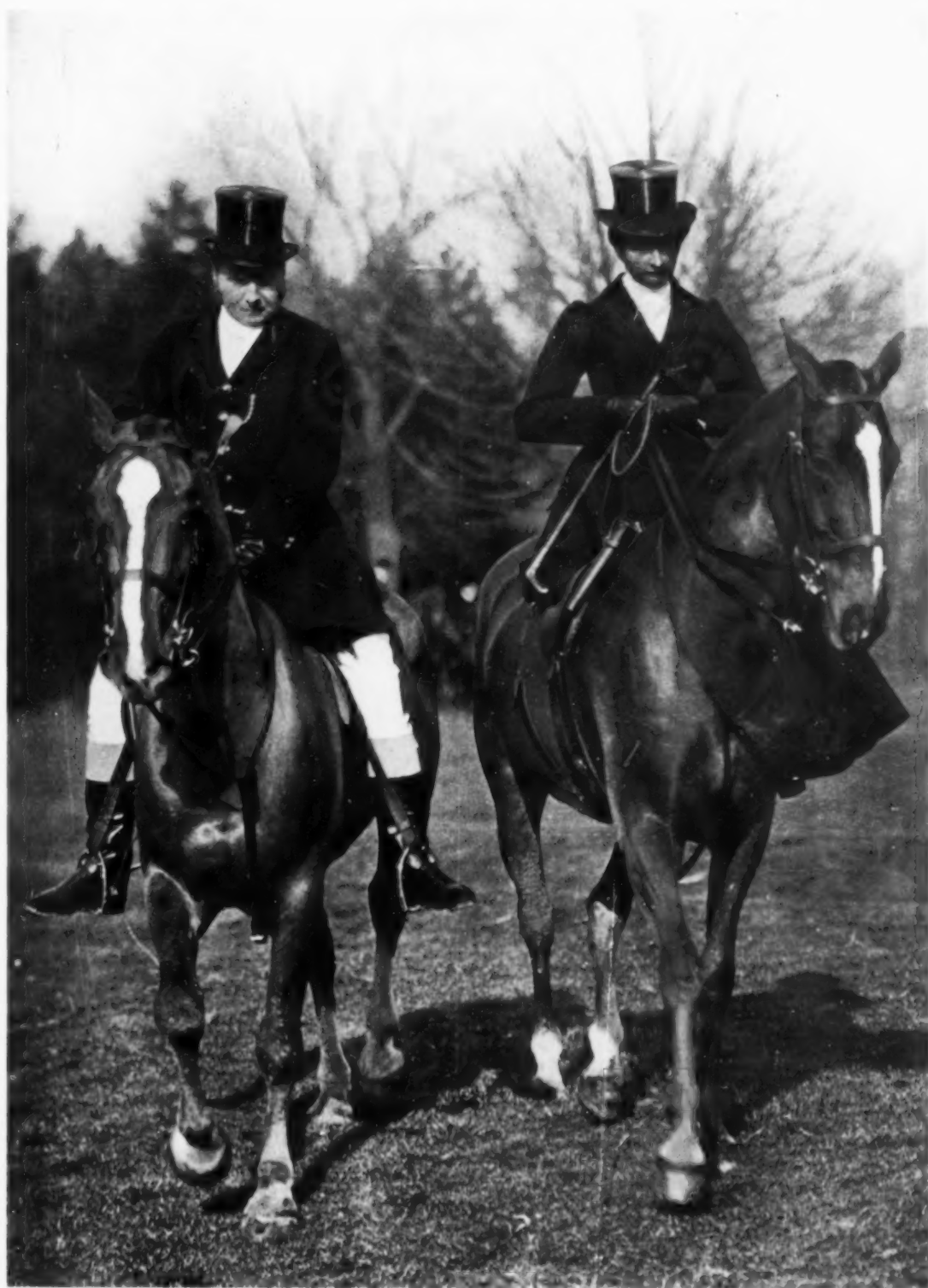


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H. BARRETT.

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THE COUNTESS OF LONSDALE AND THE HON. LANCELOT LOWTHER WITH
THE COTTESMORE.



The Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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COUNTY AGRICULTURE.

THAT each county in Great Britain has certain peculiarities of its own in regard to the cultivation of the land is a fact very well known to those interested in agriculture. Perhaps in these days the differences tend to fade away. The same machinery is used everywhere and tends to produce uniformity of practice. All the more reason, therefore, that the old peculiarities of the counties should be described before they pass utterly out of vision. In regard to one county, Mr. Frank Garnett has done this in a manner worthy of imitation. His book, "Westmorland Agriculture, 1800-1900," really deserves a place of honour in every country-house library. It is not in its main features an antiquarian or historical document, but a treatise dealing fully, practically and clearly with the facts relating to husbandry in the Westmorland district. We cannot help saying at the same time that the book is turned out in a manner that does very great credit to Titus Wilson of Kendal. It is comely in shape, light to handle, clearly printed, and provided with wide and dignified margins. For the farmer who is taking up his residence in Westmorland it would prove invaluable, since the author, with knowledge and ability, discusses the conditions prevalent there. As a book of reference it is full of information about the roads and commons, the fairs and markets, the statesmen and their Hedderwick sheep, the county councils, the system of land holding and the other particulars with which an occupier would have to make himself acquainted. But the general reader will find it entertaining to browse in the pages

from time to time. He is well aware of the great changes that have been made, but never have they been described better. The Introduction contains a summary of the most picturesque customs of the district. The author tells us that the houses of the statesmen and farmers used to be of a poor character, built of rough unhewn stone, long and low, and often joined on to the end of farm-buildings. Slates were used for roofing when the owner could afford to buy them; but thatching with rushes was much more common. In Ravenstonedale the people were not allowed to cut rushes for thatching before "the first Tuesday after St. Bartholomew's Day at twelve o'clock in the day."

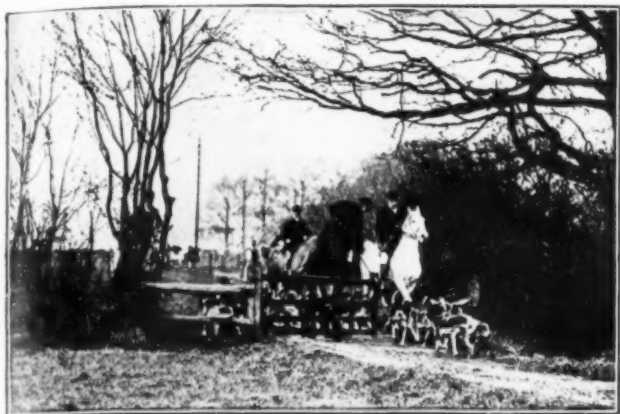
It is not difficult even now to picture the typical farmhouse, with its grove of sycamore or Scotch firs grown to afford shelter, a cheese-press at the door and a little walled garden near by, with a sheltered nook for the bees. The principal room was the kitchen, usually with a roof so low that a tall person could scarcely stand upright. The floor was covered with square-shaped, thick slate flags, or if these had not been available, it was paved with pebbles from the nearest beach. The funnel-shaped fireplace occupied a large portion of the room, and the rannel-balk, a large piece of oak timber, crossed the chimney on the level with the floor of the room above, and from it a ratten-crook was suspended by means of a chain, so that it could be raised or lowered for cooking. On the rannel-balk were hung beef, mutton and bacon, which had to serve the family till well into the spring. In the long winter nights, men and women sat by the fire of peats and wood carding wool and knitting stockings. A traveller in 1792 wrote that there was "a meritorious spirit of industry among the country people, both men and women were knitting stockings as they drove their peat carts into the town." In 1801 the average weekly supply of stockings at Kendal Market was two thousand four hundred pairs, of which about half came from Ravenstonedale. It is related in 1868 that there were six elderly knitters at Orton who knitted seventy-two pairs of stockings each month for Edmondson of Kendal, when their united ages amounted to four hundred and seventy-eight years. The farmers in those days were content to eat the produce of the soil they tilled—oats, barley, potatoes and autumn-killed meat. Up to 1802 oatmeal porridge constituted a great part of their food. The farmers brewed their own ale, and prided themselves upon its goodness. In the eighteenth century a butcher, under penalty of a fine, was not allowed to sell bull meat unless the animal had been previously bated; but this practice was discontinued in Kendal in 1791. The clothes of the farmer also came direct from the soil, and were made from the rough grey wool of the native sheep, carded and spun at home, and woven into cloth by the nearest village weaver. The men wore knee breeches till well into the century, they were of buckskin for special occasions, such as fairs and wrestlings.

It would appear that the holdings were very small. In the conveyance of the farms and tenements of Ravenstonedale by Henry VII. to Lord Warton in 1541, the number of landowners in the dale was one hundred and eighty-seven, and of these one hundred and thirty-eight held one thousand and twenty acres, or a little over seven acres each. It was in the beginning of the nineteenth century that the last vestige of tenantry was removed, the landowners, or statesmen as they were now called, purchasing of the lord of the manor the lord's rent, and thus becoming absolute freeholders. But from that time onwards they began to diminish till, in 1877, the number of landlords was reduced to seventy. They are described as "honest and sincere, tenacious of old-established customs, laborious and content with plain, but wholesome food." Why they went out is an interesting question at the present moment. Economic causes may account for the change to some extent, but Mr. Garnett relates an anecdote that would seem to suggest some other reasons. A well-known baronet once said to a statesman on the death of one of his class: "I suppose he died of drinking." "Well," was the reply, "I've never heard out to't contrary."

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR portrait illustration is of the Countess of Lonsdale and the Hon. Lancelot Lowther. Lady Lonsdale is a sister of the Marquess of Huntley, and married Lord Lonsdale in 1878. The Hon. Lancelot Lowther is the second son of the late Earl of Lonsdale.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



COUNTRY NOTES

ONCE more the seasons have wheeled round and we are at the beginning of a new year. It opens auspiciously. In the first and most important place, there is peace all over the world. At least, we hope that the embers of conflict are dying out in the Balkan States, and that, in spite of all the difficulties that have to be surmounted, the Conference now sitting in London will lay the foundation of a satisfactory and enduring arrangement. Our own Empire, although it is impossible for the centre of such vast and accumulating interests to be entirely free from anxiety, is to-day in more cordial agreement with the other Powers of the world than it has been for a long time past. Within the year now closed, the ties of Empire, impalpable though they are, have been knitted more closely together, and the sense of Empire, the sense, that is, that the Mother Country and the Daughter Countries form part of one great community, has been steadily extending. With peace there has been unparalleled prosperity, and at present that horizon, too, is unclouded. Change and vicissitude there must be and troubles of one kind and another are always arising; but on the whole we are battling on in a fairly satisfactory manner. To speak more personally, it seems to us that the intimacy between us and our readers keeps continually growing. We have proof of it in the increasing number of letters—some giving counsel, some asking for it, some conveying valuable and out-of-the-way information, and some seeking to have a problem solved—that reach us from all parts of the world. It is, therefore, as a friend to friends that, in a paraphrase of a homely Scotch song, we wish a Good New Year to one and all and many may they see.

Captain Bidwell of the P. and O. liner *Narrung* has added a magnificent chapter to the thrilling story of British seamanship. The vessel was a "Christmas" emigrant ship, having on board two hundred and forty-eight passengers, all third class and bound for Australia, and ninety-eight crew. Landsmen knew what sort of weather prevailed on Christmas Eve and Christmas Day, but it is difficult for them to realise, even with the aid of the narratives furnished by those on board, the terrible experience of the ship. She began to meet with foul weather immediately on leaving Gravesend, and it culminated off Ushant, where, after much tossing and battering, the liner was struck by a gigantic wave estimated by those on board to have been between seventy and eighty feet in height. It towered for a moment over the ship and then came down like an avalanche on the foredeck, burying the fabric under water. The immense force of this wave may be guessed from its effects. It tore and twisted thick iron plates and carried some of them clear away. Two steam winches weighing several tons were lifted up bodily and tossed along the deck. The bulwarks were cut off and the stanchions snapped.

Captain Bidwell and his crew never for a moment seem to have lost their nerve. It was touch and go when the ship was submerged by this monster wave, but Captain Bidwell steadied her, and in a few minutes she was once more with her head to the gale, but so hopelessly damaged that to continue the voyage was impossible. The only chance lay in wearing the vessel round so as to get her before the wind. If in that process another wave had struck her broadside on, the end would have been inevitable. It took Captain Bidwell an hour to accomplish

the feat—meantime the Marconi operator sent out signals of distress—but by superb seamanship he managed to do it, and when other vessels had started to the rescue he was able to signal back to them that he could get into port with his own steam. This he did successfully, and thereby earned for himself an undying place in the annals of his craft.

Lord Eversley, in his reasoned and judicial condemnation of the land-taxing scheme advocated by Mr. Outhwaite, Mr. Hemmerde and others, is, no doubt, expressing the views of fair and moderate minded men of all parties, and particularly of landowners belonging to the Liberal Party. The single-taxing scheme is so monstrous that it was repudiated in unmistakable terms, both by the Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the House of Commons, yet there can be very little doubt that a body of restless and energetic men is striving "to tax the landowners out of existence." The reasons for doing so they do not seem to have formulated very well to themselves. Certainly they fail to make them plain to other people. The ordinary citizen has a right to expect that his capital will be as secure when invested in land as it is when invested in any other property. Nor can we understand what Mr. Outhwaite means by a "monopoly of land." There is no endless holding either of land or other property. In fact, the year just closed has witnessed a greater circulation of land than has hitherto been known in British agrarian history. Owners, so far from wishing to establish a monopoly, have shown an uncommon keenness to get rid of their acres. We hope the question will at an early date be raised seriously in the House of Commons, as a debate on the part of those who really understand what they are talking about would have a most educative effect on the public mind.

BREAKING COVERT.

From the heart of the covert, this way
Comes the fox . . . the hero to-day;
And we gather together our reins
While our blood dances wild in our veins.
Hark to that whimper from hounds!
Most stirring, most thrilling of sounds!
"We'll wait at the end of this ride,
He's bound to go out on that side."

A pushing aside of branches,
Hurried, yet cautious, glances;
A black velvet list'ning ear
But never a trace of fear.
A flash from a cunning eye
To see how the land will lie.
Questioning muzzle, trailing brush;
A quiver, a movement then . . . hush!
The glimpse of a waving stern
And white and tan through the fern!
Sound of a long, winding note,
The sight of a scarlet coat;
The huntsman's cries ringing out loud
And a silently waiting crowd!
But he knows. He is not afraid,
And makes up his mind in the shade;
Then raises his mask in delight,
A perfectly beautiful sight!
Black pads and whiskers, golden coat,
And a grey shirt up to his throat;
Gleaming red brush and an artful eye!
Oh, he glories in having to fly;
He revels and loves the mad chase!
No matter how fast is the pace,
He is game, is game to the last.
And forward he sets his mask.
He is off! He is off! Hip hurray!

"Gone away! Gone away!! Gone away!!!"

G. C. S.

Rightly understood, the conviction at Indianapolis of thirty-eight Union officials of complicity in a hundred-and-five dynamite outrages, and their sentences of imprisonment varying from seven years to a year and a day, is a solemn lesson to Labour. The outstanding features of the trial lie chiefly in the fact that the Union at first denounced the outrages, which culminated in the blowing up of the Los Angeles newspaper offices and the death of twenty-one people. Then followed the confession of two of the conspirators, the brothers McNamara. Finally, what amounted to practically the whole of the officials of the International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron

Workers were placed on their trial and found guilty. They had thoroughly estranged the sympathy not only of the impartial spectator who had no direct concern in the matter, but of the ranks of honest and law-abiding men who form the majority of the labouring masses all the world over. Common-sense forces them to recognise that mankind could not possibly live together in communities unless obedience is enforced to the laws which are made for the people and by the people. It is a far-reaching lesson, and may be considered as only a modern variant of the ancient truth that they that take the sword shall perish with the sword. At a time when there is a widespread tendency to ignore the law of the land, it is well that the authorities in the United States should have succeeded in this trial not only in securing convictions, but in doing so without estranging sympathy or lending the convicted an air of martyrdom.

The late Mr. Rowland Ward's real distinction is that he turned a rather poor handicraft into a magnificent art. Few of our readers will be so young as not to remember the contorted ducks and other strange wildfowl which found a place in the parlours of our grandmothers. When an attempt was made to place them in natural surroundings, their attitudes still remained most grotesque and unnatural. Moreover, in those days bird-stuffing was literally bird-stuffing, with the result that there were bulgings where there should be no bulgings and depressions where they should not exist. In short, the stuffed bird was an atrocity. Then came along Mr. Rowland Ward, very keen, very ambitious, with a sculptor's eye and touch and a naturalist's careful observation. He first of all, for his own pleasure, noticed how the wild creatures looked in their ordinary haunts when at their ease and unconscious of eyes being fixed upon them; then he set himself the problem of studying the best method of treating the skin of a dead creature so as to produce the closest possible representation of what it had been when alive. How the old processes were abandoned and new processes were invented lies outside our province to relate; but in the new taxidermy Rowland Ward was a pioneer, and if his methods have been widely adopted, and even in some cases improved upon, he could at the last say with the poet: "All can grow the flower now, for all have got the seed."

Of the late Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter, whose sudden death followed close upon the Christmas holidays, Englishmen who believe in the sound old doctrine *de mortuis* will be glad to remember that his latest speech was an energetic rebuke to the mischief-mongers who were trying to fan into its usual blaze the antipathy of certain sections of the German people to Great Britain over the Balkan negotiations. Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter rebuked them sternly, and pointed out that never before had Great Britain and Germany worked with greater intimacy and goodwill for the peaceful end which both equally desired. His earlier incursion into the field of world politics had not led us to expect this result. Before the Agadir incident he was a man unknown outside the circle of those who closely study European foreign politics. He sprang at a bound into notoriety, and for a time it was believed that he was a kind of Bismarck *redivivus*; but in the stress of the game he did not develop the staying power of his great prototype, and it came to be seen that the despatch of the Panther was really in the nature of bluff. During the subsequent negotiations the German Foreign Secretary failed to hold his own with Sir Edward Grey and M. Paul Cambon, so that on the whole his reputation was not increased. But he was one of those who are never too old to learn, and there is no reason to dispute the justice of the Kaiser's final eulogy to the effect that Germany had cause to mourn because she still expected much from him.

Perhaps it is not generally known that that question, which is more familiar to us now than we might wish, under the name of "the caddie problem," was under acute discussion in a rather different form even as long ago as the latter end of the eighteenth century. In "Boswell's Life of Johnson" we are given an extract from the *Caledonian Mercury*, an Edinburgh newspaper, of the year 1781, as follows: "A correspondent informs us that the Worshipful Society of *Chaldeans, Cadies, or Running Stationers* of this city are resolved, in imitation, and encouraged by the singular success of their brethren, of an *equally respectable Society*, to apply for a Charter of their Privileges," etc. The context does not make for such edification as to make it suitable for quotation. Croker appends to this, as a note, the well-known passage from "Humphrey Clinker": "There is in Edinburgh a society or corporation of errand boys, called Cawdies, who ply in the streets at night with paper lanterns, and are very serviceable in carrying messages." It may be noted that there does not

appear to be the most remote justification for the attempt of the *Caledonian Mercury* to associate the word *cadie*, *caddie* or *cawdie* with *Chaldean*. Undoubtedly the origin of the word is French, *cadet*. But the passage is not intended to be seriously taken.

A photograph and a brief letter in our "Correspondence" columns will recall to the imagination of many a stormy night in the January of 1604, when the winter must have resembled very closely that which we are now going through. The sea, raised by the tempest, swept over the little hamlet of Eccles, as it was then, and, drowning the whole of the inhabitants, covered up the human habitations and even the church in a mound of sand. Only the church tower peeped out to tell of the catastrophe. From time to time wind and sea have played strange antics with the ruins. The tower was fully exposed in 1850 and again in 1880; but the sea and the wind, ever returning to the attack, heaped sand above it again, and it was lost till a week ago, when the gales which have characterised the Christmas season once more swept the sand away and exposed the ruins. As we write, the antiquarian has not yet found much to help him to reconstruct the little village. A key and an escutcheon were, however, discovered within the ruined church; but the sea seems to be once more advancing, and threatens to cover up the ruins again as it has covered up so much of the architecture and civilisation of East Anglia.

'TWIXT YOU AND ME.

Christmas! Glad season of remembrances,
And gifts to suit our individual fancies!
Gems for the girls, of course, and for our sons
Scouts' uniforms, or sailing yachts, or guns;
For impecunious Aunt, a purse of beads,
Though sure some coins to fill the purse she needs!
Difficult always! choosing for Old Folks;
Thank Heaven! they still wear night-caps and bed-socks.
On the poor servant we her caste intrude
Presenting her with badge of servitude.
Aprons—procured at very moderate prices,
Or goffered cambric cap—which she despises.
'Tis meet our menials should be quite aware
That though *we're* kind, they still our *servants* are.

But, when we turn the little socks to fill
We're young once more! Christmas is Christmas still!
An orange to bulge out the rounded heel,
Crackers and nuts the pendant foot to fill,
While of the calf we give an equal share
To wide-eyed Gollywog and Teddy Bear.
Well that we're spared the snub of childish scorn
When rifling the woolly socks at dawn
The verdict comes from blasé girls and boys:
"The Guv'nor's filled my sock with *children's* toys."

Perish a traitorous thought! 'twixt you and me,
Is Christmas just what Christmas used to be?

ELIZABETH KIRK.

Colonel Raikes, in our "Correspondence" pages, recounts a tale of unpremeditated sport on the part of a little terrier named Chappie which could not very well be bettered. Chappie is a warrior who carries the scars of previous adventures, and has had the misfortune to lose his front teeth from a kick he received when chasing a bullock last year. Our correspondent doubts if he could hold a live rabbit in the open, unless he secured a very lucky grip. Yet this game little dog, on being taken out last Saturday afternoon, went to ground of his own accord in an earth close to an oak tree by a pond, and, after a campaign most graphically described by our correspondent, succeeded in turning out no fewer than three foxes one after another.

The gardener is not likely to be altogether pleased with the conditions of abnormal mildness which have been the characteristic of the winter so far as it has gone, but it is quite certain that it is not often that we turn the year with so bright a show of colour in the beds. Of course, the yellow jasmine has been showing its star-like flowers for many a week. We also have the winter aconite, snowdrops, a few primroses and, in the sheltered places, the Christmas roses. Here and there on the trees we still have a belated bloom or two of the real rose—queen of flowers. But it is sure that where standard roses are grown, it has been no advantage to them, in the very severe gales of the end of the year, to be carrying so heavy a head of foliage. Many have not lost in leaf, and the consequence is that the fierce winds have laid a terrible hold on them as on a sailing ship with all canvas set. The soft state of the

ground has increased the risk of their supports "sagging" and allowing the stem of the rose to be broken. One of the most beautiful blooms has been that of *Rhododendron nobile*, for which the conditions appear to have been ideal; and we may express a surprise that this tolerably hardy and gorgeous winter flower is not cultivated more generally. *Aubrietia*, *arabis* and an occasional pansy have all helped to brighten the incoming year.

In these days we are not disposed to place much faith in the proverb which tells us that "a green Yule makes a fat churchyard," and believe rather that our experience shows us that a mild winter makes for the better health of the human race in these islands than a severe one. There is no doubt, however, that our ancestors, more near the date of the invention of the saying, deemed themselves to have good warrant for putting credence in it. In the year 1662, on January 15th, we find the good Pepys writing: "Mr. Berkenshaw asked me whether we had not committed a fault in eating to-day; telling me that it is a fast day ordered by the Parliament, to pray for more seasonable weather; it having hitherto been summer weather, that it is, both as to warmth and every other thing, just as if it were the middle of May or June, which do threaten a plague (as all men think) to follow, for so it was almost so the

last winter; and the whole year after hath been a very sickly time to this day." It is difficult to realise any conditions of summer manifesting themselves in a modern winter which would dispose us to prayer and fasting in order that they should be removed and replaced by the normal wintry type.

Trout have been continuing to run up the small streams for spawning purposes rather later this winter than usual. The December floods were opportunities which they did not neglect. This is written of the trout in Southern streams, and it seems to indicate a likelihood that they will be rather late in coming into condition in the spring. One hesitates to speak with any confidence on such a subject, for fish, more than other animals, surprise us by doing the unexpected thing, and it may be that they will hasten over their nursery work in the gravel beds and be quickly back in the main streams, where they get that abundance of food which restores their figure to its full shapeliness. It is to be noticed, however, that the trout kept their condition till very late in the autumn of last year. The grayling-fishers on the Test, for instance, caught many a good and fine-conditioned trout quite late in the year. All this seems to point to the probability that our spring fishing will be late, or, if not, that we shall catch a good many not too well "mended" in the early days.

NOTES ON THE KESTREL.

SUCH a variety of views have been advanced as to the amount of good or harm done by the kestrel, that it is almost impossible, without some personal knowledge of the habits of the bird, to form any idea as to its manner and means of subsistence. It is said by some that he feeds almost entirely on beetles, grasshoppers and the like. On the other hand, those that know something of the ways of the bird maintain that his diet consists of mice, voles and occasionally a young bird of some small species. Again, gamekeepers tell us that the bird is a poacher of the worst type, who troubles not about beetles, small birds or mice when young pheasants are to be had, and that his proper place is

among the stoats and hedgehogs on the "scrag-pole." It is a mistake to suppose that the kestrel feeds exclusively on any of these delicacies. As a matter of fact, he feeds more or less upon them all; and though I have often argued with gamekeepers to try to persuade them that when a kestrel is seen hovering over the pheasant coops he is merely waiting for a mouse to come out in search of stray grain, I know within my heart that kestrels do occasionally take young pheasants, as I once watched a kestrel flying a few feet above the ground which dropped a small object that I found to be a newly-hatched pheasant. There can be no doubt, however, that the number of young game-birds destroyed by kestrels is extremely



C. W. R. Knight.

A MEADOW-PIBIT FOR BREAKFAST.

Copyright.

small and quite insignificant when compared to the vast quantities of beetles, mice, finches and other unimportant prey which the birds consistently consume. The accompanying illustrations serve to settle to some extent the arguments as to the food of this little falcon. In one of them the bird is about to tear to pieces a young lark which had obviously been pulled out of its home, as it was far too small to be able even to crawl. This proves that at times the kestrel must go about his work of hunting in an extremely lethargic manner, probably seeing a nest of little birds as he hovers overhead, and then settling, to calmly drag out the unfortunate youngster, or youngsters. On the other hand, he will, when hunger or perhaps the thoughts of a voracious family urge him on, strike such birds as thrushes, starlings, blackbirds and larks; the last named appear to be generally preferred. Remains of each of these were found upon the nest on various occasions, and in the photograph of the bird with her tail partly hidden by



C. W. R. Knight. HATCHED JUNE 29TH. PHOTOGRAPHED JULY 11TH.

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C. W. R. Knight.

SETTLING WITH A YOUNG LARK IN HER BEAK.

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C. W. R. Knight.

TEARING A SMALL BIRD TO PIECES.

Copyright.



C. W. R. Knight.

CLAMOURING FOR MORE.

Copyright.

a branch, the wing-feathers of a blackbird can be plainly seen protruding from the nest. The bird which is hanging from the kestrel's beak in this photograph may be recognised as belonging to the *Anthidae* or the *Alaudidae* by its long hind claws, and is, in fact, a meadow-pipit, though, as usual, it had been denuded of all the larger wing and tail feathers before it was brought to the nest. Judging by my experiences while obtaining these photographs, I should say that it takes a kestrel a very few minutes to seek and capture a meal for his family. On one occasion, when going into my hiding-place, I noticed that both of the old birds were flying around high up in the air above the nest, as though suspicious that some evil was afoot, and with the aid of the glasses I could see that they had nothing in their claws or bills.

Having soared round for half-an-hour or so to satisfy themselves that the coast was clear, the male bird disappeared and the female settled on a branch not far from the nest to await her little partner's return. Within ten minutes I heard the male bird calling from far away in the distance, and waited breathlessly for him to come into the nest. Nearer and nearer came his cries until, with a swish, he swept into the tree. Before he had time to settle the female had left her perch and flown straight at him. For a second all was confusion, and then, as I sat gazing up, I saw that she had taken his catch from him and had

returned to her perch with it hanging from her bill. Her partner had also settled close to the nest, and I was undecided whether or not to try for a photograph including both of them. However, the male bird settled this point for me by flying away, though it is doubtful whether both birds would have been entirely in the picture, and practically certain that one or both of them would have been out of focus. It is interesting to note that this nest was built at the top of an elm tree in the month of April, by a pair of carrion crows, and in May contained a clutch of five of their eggs. At this time of the year the nest stood out plainly among the leafless branches, and the game-keeper of the neighbourhood had promised to put an end to the life of at least one of its tenants. As I am an admirer of crows, and was anxious to do them a good turn, I managed, after a good deal of exertion, to climb the tree and take the eggs, in the hope that the birds would lay a second clutch in safety elsewhere.

The ruse succeeded, and the crows, having built a second nest, well hidden by the early foliage, laid and hatched a second clutch of four eggs. The first nest thus becoming vacant was luckily patronised by the pair of kestrels, as the position of the nest, though high up and rather shaded, was quite excellent for photographic purposes, and the birds succeeded in rearing and leading forth into the world their family of four young ones.

C. W. R. KNIGHT.

GREY SEALS AT LAMBAY.



BASKING IN THE SEPTEMBER SUN.

THE grey seals at Lambay maintain their numbers from year to year at about a dozen. The Lough Shinny fishermen, whose speech is sweetened by "hyperboly," will tell you they have seen them jumping into the water by the hundred—"and they roaring at one another something awful; sure there's two of them there as big as a horse"—but twelve is as many as I have ever seen at one time, and careful observation has convinced me that the colony consists of two patriarchs and their families,

namely, at least four breeding females and about half-a-dozen immature children. The annual increment of young seals, after they have attained full growth, either depart of their own accord or are persuaded to do so by their parents.

September is the best time of year for watching the seals. By the first week of that month comparative quiet and order have been restored, and the island, from the seals' point of view, has come to its senses after the great annual bird-orgy which has lasted from May to the end of August. During all that time of



ON THE WRACK AT LOW TIDE.

feverish stir and activity on the part of the thousands of birds which a common impulse has concentrated in a narrow space, the chances are not favourable either for the seals to show themselves in repose or for human observers to move about unnoticed. Herring-gulls, as you approach the cliffs, rise from the ground in an indignant cloud and fill the air with scolding cries; guillemots and razor-bills cease groaning in ecstasy over their single egg and flit restlessly to and fro; kittiwakes call petulantly to one another; oyster-catchers pipe shrill and unrelenting questions; whole regiments of puffins, taken with sudden panic, wheel from land to sea and back again; above the din swells the hen peregrine's angry warning; the seals, in short, if on the rocks, will have been effectively disturbed; nor, as a matter of fact, do they themselves seem to care about lying out during the birds' breeding season.

But by the first week of September a much more sober state of things prevails. The "black fowl" have lowered their miraculously hatched offspring into the sea; the puffins have deserted their villages and gone south; the young peregrines have received their first lessons and been sent forth to earn their own living; even the clumsy young herring-gulls are able to fly and fish for themselves; and now in the cool calm days of autumn the old bull seals, with their now pregnant mates

and yearling children, may take their ease without fear of molestation on the rocks which the ebbing tide lays bare. There are at Lambay two stations which they are fond of frequenting; one a rock close by the cave which is their recognised nursery; the other an islet to which access on foot is only possible for a short time when the tide is particularly low. In spring and autumn hereabouts the sea reaches the low limit of its fortnightly rhythms about the time of sunrise and sunset. When such a spring-tide happens to fall in with stillness and clear weather, the hour is a holy one indeed. Nature, emboldened by the solitude, has let her vesture slip; as the waters drain gently through the brown wealth of stalks and ribbons, mystery after mystery is unveiled. At such a time the seals are sure to be lying in their favourite places, and it is possible, unless the wind betrays you, to creep carefully over the wrack until you are quite close to them. How grey they look in the morning light, now that their coats are dry! As they lie there, howling softly to one another or perhaps curling up their toes in utter contentment, how well can one fancy one's self in the presence of hoary Proteus and his sleek sea-flock! And about as difficult a task as catching Proteus is it to get a photograph of them, for the slightest unaccustomed sound or sight will send the whole company floundering into the sea. Once



A FAMILY COUNCIL.

in the water they are comparatively bold and curious, but out of it they are shy and suspicious and always keep themselves within easy reach of the element which they regard as their own. I once crawled up to a half-grown seal, and by moving very slowly managed to get close enough to stroke his back without alarming him; his older relatives, meanwhile, who could watch my movements from the sea, nearly jumped out of the water in their anxiety to warn him of his danger. If one lies perfectly still at the edge of the water, the younger ones will sometimes come quite close; in this way I was able once to watch one drawing a pool systematically. He nosed along the seaweed under water until he started a fish, which he chased like lightning and caught; then he came to the surface and trod water nonchalantly while he ate his prey. Seals eat crabs as well as fish.

Observations at such close quarters can only be carried on by stealth, and even if the greatest care is taken, the interview will generally come to an abrupt end; but at another part of the coast, from a vantage point on the cliffs about one hundred feet above the seals, they can be watched without in the



AT HIS OWN STATION.

dry and light-coloured may swim off to another rock and re-appear as a dark-coloured animal. But the general impression which these old males give is that of whole-coloured animals; dark spots and light patches, if present, are not conspicuous; and apart from their colour, they are easily recognised by their great size, Roman noses, ropy and dew-lapped neck and two depressions between eye and nostril like an inverted V, which give their faces a characteristically serious cast.

Whether the female type of coloration differs consistently from the male I do not know; but the adult females at Lambay (their sex is easily recognised when they are pregnant in September) seem to agree in going in for a spotted under-surface—black marblings on a ground which varies from grey to pure white. Sometimes the black spots form two transverse bands, leaving the throat and belly white. In one case the white predominates to such an extent that when the animal is lying on her side she gives the impression of being all white with only a few black spots, although in reality the back is dark. As for the young, some are sandy-coloured all over; others grey or blue-grey above and cream-coloured below; some are freely mottled with black; one seemed to be a dark brindle, another almost dark enough to be melanic; they play together like puppies in the water and on the rocks, and their rapid movements bring about equally rapid changes in the appearance of their coats.

CECIL BARING.



COMING ASHORE.

least exciting their suspicions, and with the help of glasses their behaviour and peculiarities can be studied at leisure. Viewed from this elevation, the pied forms on the rock might be those of fish, the contents of some gigantic angler's creel. It was in this way that I learnt to recognise at sight the individuals which compose the Lambay herd, the nucleus of which, as has been said already, consists of two males who may be judged to have attained a considerable age. As a rule, each of these keeps to his own station without interfering with the other, but sometimes they are seen together, and if they both happen to have a fancy for occupying the same rock a quarrel is likely to ensue. Their coloration is rather puzzling; I have noted the same animal on different occasions as dark blue-black without spots, dark brown or sandy coloured and dingy yellow with black spots. The variation in appearance is due to differences of light and to the degree of dryness of the coat; for instance, a seal who has lain on a rock in the sun till he is



SETTLING DOWN TO SLEEP.



TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

SANGUINOTTO

BY

J. M. DODINGTON



UPON the whole I had had very good sport at Ponte Leccia. Once I had arrived at a knowledge of the tastes and predilections of the trout of its three rivers—in itself no easy matter, for the lures which attracted them were of the oddest—my baskets became fairly heavy. As a rule the fish ran from half-a-pound to three-quarters, but I had taken out many well over the pound and a few which touched the kilo. But the weather was getting warm; Ponte Leccia lies on the fringe of the fever belt which girdles the eastern coast of Corsica, already I was beginning to experience that feeling of lassitude which warns one that it is time to seek more bracing regions, so I made up my mind to betake myself to the mountains of the wild Niolo. I chose as my centre the hill-village of Calacuccia, close to the upper reaches of the Golo and within easy reach of the little Lac de Nino, reputed to be the home of "myriades de truites."

The news of the English stranger's intended departure spread among the native fishermen of Ponte Leccia, and on the night before I left, as I sat at dinner in its tiny inn, word was brought to me that one of them begged for a moment's conversation.

"Show him in," I said. And a few minutes later Jean Colonna appeared in the doorway. "Pardon, monsieur," he said, sweeping the cap from his matted locks, "I came but to thank you for the English flies and the casts which you had the great kindness to leave for me at my house this afternoon."

"Oh, all right," I cried, "come in and drink a parting glass of wine with me."

"Merci, monsieur." He waited until the peasant woman who served me had gone out, shut the door carefully behind her, and came swiftly to my side.

"Monsieur," he said in an urgent whisper, "is it true that you go to-morrow to Calacuccia?"

"It is."

"Monsieur"—he hesitated, eyeing me doubtfully yet eagerly—"it would be wiser not to go."

"Why?"

He cleared his throat noisily, his black eyes wandered round the room, then returned to my face. "Because it is not a safe place," he blurted out, "there are evildoers about, bandits—"

"Oh come, come!" I smiled, "the days of the Corsican bandit are over—except on the boards of the theatre."

"Plait-il, monsieur?" He stared at me uncomprehending. Then as Marietta's footstep was heard again ascending the stairs he bent his head to my ear and said in a hissing whisper: "Monsieur will promise never to reveal what I am going to tell him? Will swear never to mention my name?"

I nodded.

"Then, monsieur, if you are determined to go to Calacuccia, do not, I beg of you, wander too far from the village." His voice sank to a still lower key: "I have sure word that Sanguinotto is there in hiding."

"Sanguinotto? Who is he?"

"Dieu des dieux! Monsieur has never heard of Sanguinotto? A brav' homme he is, truly, but—"

Marietta's entrance cut him short. "Then, monsieur," he continued aloud, in an altered tone, "it only remains to thank you once more for your great kindness and to say bon voyage." Bowing profoundly, Jean withdrew.

Next morning as my rickety calèche with its pair of unkempt native ponies was jolting along the mountain road which leads through the terrific fastnesses of the Scala della Regina into the wild Niolo country, my eye wandered over the gigantic rock pinnacles that for ever shut out the sun's rays from the gloomy gorge, over the foaming torrent leaping and thundering hundreds of feet below, and rested on the rusty iron crosses which at frequent intervals mark the rocky track.

"Some little accident, Giuseppe?" I waved my hand towards one we passed on a steep ascent up which my black-browed cocher and I were walking side by side. (I had learnt that "un petit accident" was the correct insular method of designating what in other lands would be called by a harsher name.)

"Oui, monsieur," he shrugged his shoulders.

"By-the-bye," I cried, some association carrying my mind back to the fisherman's warning of the night before, "who is Sanguinotto?"

The cocher started and looked uneasily around him. "He is un brav' homme, monsieur."

"Yes, so I have heard before, but *who* is he? What is his history?"

"En avant, Bijou! Marche, Tonnerre!" Giuseppe launched into a torrent of whip-cracks. "Here the ascent is less steep; will monsieur please to ascend?"

"Not until you have cheered the way with the life-story of Signor Sanguinotto!"

He gazed at me helplessly—and yielded.

"Sanguinotto," he began in a rapid undertone, "was making his military service on the Continent. A quarrel arose between him and his sergeant. What will you? The blood of youth is hot; in an access of rage, Sanguinotto slew the tyrant. Then the poor one was sent to Cayenne, but—ah, le brav' homme!—from there he escaped and made his way back to our island. . . . The cocher came to a full stop.

"Well, and since then?"

"Since then," Giuseppe's low tone sank to a whisper, "there has been constant war between him and the gendarmes. They pursue—naturally he defends himself. In the last two years he has accounted for fourteen of these gentry."

"Good heavens!"

Giuseppe translated my exclamation as one of astonished admiration. "Yes, truly, monsieur, he is indeed un brav' homme!"

"And now he is in hiding at Calacuccia?"

My cocher, who was himself a native of that village, stopped dead, shaking his head violently and waving his hands outward in most emphatic negation. "Maché! who then can have told monsieur such a falsehood? . . . At Calacuccia! See you, monsieur, Sanguinotto is a native of Bastia. Why then should we of this paese nourish a bandit of Bastia?"

"Why, indeed? Plenty of your own to support, no doubt?" He nodded. "In truth we have unfortunates," he said simply.

I was greatly taken with remote little Calacuccia. Its inn was clean and good, its primitive inhabitants most friendly. I came to the conclusion that unwillingness to lose whatever tips might be going rather than any great anxiety for my personal safety had been at the root of Jean Colonna's warning. The first beams of the rising sun were gilding the mountain peaks, a soft breeze waved the slender poplars and set the aspens a-quivering, as one morning, about a week after my arrival, I put together my rod on the precipitous bank above the Golo. Early as it was, the world of the village was astir; husbandmen were at work in their vineyards, flocks of sheep, goats, swine, were being led out to their pasturage. One of the shepherds, a round-cheeked, dark-eyed youth, let his goats stray over the macchie, seated himself on a boulder, and taking from his pocket a flageolet, began to tootle forth a plaintive native air. "The pipes of Pan," I murmured, as I made my first cast.

But soon my attention was entirely absorbed by the sport. From the very first it was excellent. Taught by my experiences at Ponte Leccia, I tried these trout of the higher waters with a fly of native manufacture, fearful and wonderful to behold, and possessed of some extraordinary allurements for the island fish. On this occasion its first victim was a shapely little fellow, in excellent condition, weighing about three-quarters of a pound.

"Bravo!" cried a voice over my shoulder. The shepherd youth was standing behind me, his dark eyes beaming, his white teeth shining as he smiled his congratulations. Thenceforth, abandoning his flageolet, he followed my footsteps throughout the morning. In truth I could have dispensed with his attendance, for the peaceful solitude of the angler is to me very dear; but he was so genuinely interested in the sport, so joyful over my successes, so sympathetic over my failures, that I gradually became reconciled to his presence, and when at a critical moment he rushed into the river until the water was up to his waist and deftly slipped the landing-net under a not over securely-hooked pounder, I began

to feel the stirrings of grateful affection towards my follower. It was my last fish. The sun was now high in the heavens, its powerful rays were rapidly melting the snow on the mountains around the sources of the river, and all who have fished the Golo know that that means the end of sport for the time being.

"Déjeuner, eh? What think you?" I said, bringing forth my store of sausages and hard-boiled eggs.

"In truth monsieur must have a great hunger after so much exertion," the shepherd smiled, and made as if to turn away.

"But you will join me?" I motioned him to a seat upon a moss-covered boulder.

"Monsieur is too amiable." He accepted my invitation with alacrity, and in great amity we ate and drank together. In even greater content we smoked our after-luncheon pipes and discussed the varied game of Corsica. . . . Wild boar? Yes, they abounded in the ilex woods and among the dense macchie. Moufflon? But certainly. Ah yes, he knew the popular idea was that they were practically extinct; but in the rocky fastnesses above where we sat he had the other morning counted sixteen, and in similar solitudes they were equally numerous.

"But the chasse au moufflon is forbidden, is it not?"

He raised his shoulders in a shrug of boundless scorn. "At that I snap my fingers," he said, and suited the action to the word.

"Per Bacco! you'll have the gendarmes after you if you try that game!"

"The gendarmes," he echoed slowly, "ah yes, the gendarmes." . . . His black eyes dwelt upon me with a curious, considering stare. . . . Then with a sudden movement he jerked his head aside, and as abruptly switched the conversation to another line.

"Monsieur is at the hotel of Calacuccia, is it not? He finds it is a pleasant village?" "Charming," I replied heartily.

His face brightened. "I have friends there," he said, "the family Lupini. Does monsieur know them?"

"Of the little grocery? Indeed, I do. And Angiolina, one of the daughters—what a pretty little girl!"

"Ah, is she not?" he cried eagerly, with shining eyes. "It is possible that I shall see her this afternoon, for her sister Assunta is to be married and I am invited to the wedding."

"Indeed! Then we shall meet later, for I, too, am a guest. In the meantime I must say au revoir. . . . By the by, how about your goats?"

"Ah yes, the goats. Truly I had forgotten them," he replied indifferently. "Au revoir, monsieur, and a thousand thanks."

"Casual sort of shepherd boy, that," I thought as I watched him wend his way leisurely round the mountain flank.

It had been a pretty little wedding at the quaint old church, which crowns a knoll outside the village. The formal affair at the Mairie was also over, and in her bridal finery, leaning on her husband's arm, Assunta was making a tour of the village amid showers of confetti and whirlwinds of serpentini from the congratulating groups lining each side of the tree-bordered street. Behind the couple, two by two, promenaded the wedding guests, among them pretty Angiolina hanging on the arm of my shepherd boy. A handsome pair they made, and vastly pleased they seemed with each other, the girl blushing and dimpling as the youth stooped to whisper in her ear.

The procession had reached the angle where the roads divide, one leading across the bridge which spans the deep ravine, to the hamlet of Casamaccioli, the other through the pass to the metropolis of Corte and the big world of law and order beyond. We were turning to the right to continue our promenade towards the hamlet when a curious muffled sound broke on our ears. Beat, beat, beat. . . . it resolved itself into the thud of horses' hoofs coming at a gallop along the Corte road. . . . Tinkle, tinkle, clank, clank. . . . faint at first, ever growing louder. . . . the unmistakable jingle of accoutrements.

The wedding guests, who had been standing arrested, their heads turned towards the Corte road, listening intently, now broke into a clamour of shouts and cries, took to their heels and scattered in every direction. Only the shepherd boy was left, Angiolina, white as ashes, dragging wildly at his arm. "Fly, fly!" she shrieked. "Do you not hear them? Another minute and they will be upon you!"

"Wherefore should I fly?" he said sullenly. "I am weary of flying before those accursed gendarmes."

"For the love of the Saints—for the love of me, oh go, go!"

With a swift movement he stooped and kissed her. "Be content, I go—but not until I have added one more notch to my stick." He pulled a revolver from his hip-pocket and levelling it at the corner round which the horsemen must come, waited. . . . Round the angle swung the leading files. Crack! Crack! Crack! A horse and its rider rolled in the dust. "Now I go," said the youth, with a grim smile. He leapt the low dividing wall and made for the ravine. Too late. A word of command rang out from the advancing troop. Crack! crack! crack! The fugitive flung up his arms and pitched forward on his face. Then with a quick, convulsive movement of his limbs he rolled over on his side. Another convulsion—he was over the cliff! We could hear the sound of a heavy body crashing through the brushwood which clung to its precipitous face.

"And that is the end of Sanguinotto!" said the captain of gendarmerie with stern satisfaction. "Corporal, dismount your men, lead them down by the bridge path and retrieve the body."

The corporal dismounted his men, he led them down by the bridge path; but he did not retrieve the body. . . . And the face of Angiolina, as next morning she drew water at the fountain,

was singularly cheerful for that of one who had just lost by a violent death her nearest and dearest.

A week later I was climbing the steep hill-track which leads to the hamlet of Casamaccioli when a head suddenly emerged from behind a rock, a hand was waved in greeting. For a moment I stood amazed, then: "Actor and athlete both," I murmured, for the face which vanished as suddenly as it had appeared was without a shadow of doubt the open boyish countenance of Sanguinotto.

A BRECKLAND SNOWSTORM.

"BEN—Jack—get your coats and leggings on, and let's try and get down to th' fold. Shepherd's wife's worrying about her boy Charlie. He went across th' warren at four o'clock to take some victuals to his father, and he's not come back. Th' snow's blown about a lot since th' wind got up. I reckon it's drifted ten feet high down by Half-Moon Planting. Bring th' dog, quick!—and tell your mother to put some brandy in a flask."

At the sound of the farmer's voice old Grim was the first to leave the snug fireside, but the rest of us—including a rabbit who had come over from the West Breck Farm to discuss with Jack the merits of a polecat-ferret he wished to sell—were not long in getting ready to face the storm. "The boy ought not to have gone such weather as this," said Ben, as he kicked off a pair of capacious carpet slippers and put on heavy boots made heavier by soaking snow water. "It wouldn't have done Shepherd any harm to go without his supper for one night. But 'Get on your leggings, quick!' was his father's only reply, and a minute later, when he had used all his strength to close the door against a wind that seemed bent on blowing everything in the kitchen up the chimney, we were knee-deep in snow, and almost choked by the flurry of it in our faces. Jack essayed to lead us out of the farmyard, Grim following close behind him, trying, by a series of leaps, to surmount the strange obstacles to ordinary progress. Collision with a pump swathed with haybands to protect it from frost soon proved that our leader had gone astray, and in the wake of the farmer, who had recognised a landmark in the stump of a dead elm, we floundered out of the farmyard on to the warren. Then there was a lull in the storm, and the moon, showing through a break in the clouds, lit up the western border of the plantation and the frosted trunks of the firs.

It was useless to attempt to keep to the hidden road, so, as Matt, the rabbit, was at home on the warren we let him pick a path for us across the level ground, from which the wind had swept away the snow. Care was needed to avoid falling into snow-filled rabbit burrows, but, treading cautiously, we were not long in reaching the corner of the plantation, from which the "drove," a rough trackway, led through a waste of furze and bracken to the pasture and its hurdle-sheltered fold. Here, if anywhere, our troubles must begin, for the old banks bordering the track were hidden by a drift higher than the head of the tallest of us, and beyond it only the tops of half-a-dozen furze bushes were visible above the snow. "If that boy went down th' drove before th' snow drifted he's come to no harm," said the farmer. "Shepherd would be sure to come back with him as far as th' corner of the planting if th' way was clear, and if it wasn't he'd keep th' boy in his hut all night. 'Tis no use trying to get through th' drift. We must find a way along th' windward side of it where 'tis thinnest."

There were five of us in the rescue-party and we took turns in forcing a way through snow that reached to our armpits. Fortunately, it was soft, and when a heap of it became solid under pressure we made a way round it. Grim, after two or three attempts to find an exit from the trench we were making, kept docilely at our heels until Ben's sudden descent into a hole dug last October in order to recover a ferret set him barking and capering with excitement. "The boy's not down there anyhow," growled Ben, as he dragged him on to comparatively firm ground again. Then, Grim having satisfied himself that the hole contained nothing else retrievable, we went on.

A glance at the sky was enough to tell us that another storm was coming, and before we were halfway down the slope of waste ground a black cloud hid the moon and a powder of fine snow, swept from the top of a drift near by, almost blinded us. For ten minutes we were in the midst of a whirling blizzard against which we could make no headway; then, guided by the slope of the ground, we groped our way towards a hollow road bordered by high hedges and leading down to the pasture and the fold. Having reached it, the worst of our journey was over, for the drifts had formed on the field side of the northern hedge and between the hedges the snow was only up to our knees.

Not until we got to the gateway of the pasture, however, did we see the lamplight glimmering through the little square window of the shepherd's hut. Jack was about to climb over the snow-clogged gate, when the rabbit, who, with the gate

post for a wind-screen, was trying to light his pipe, paused with the match gleaming between his numbed fingers and exclaimed, "What's that?" Above the shrilling of the wind through the leafless hedgerow thorns we heard from inside the hut a piping voice singing "We'll all go the same way home"—

a popular song with which we had lately heard Charlie enlivening the farmyard. Ben, down whose neck melting snow was trickling, muttered something under his breath. Said the farmer aloud, "That's all there is left for us to do."

W. A. DUTT.

THE TALE OF A ROYAL.

MR. DAVID MACBRAYNE'S "swift mail steamer" Glengarry had conveyed me with its accustomed celerity across Loch Ness. From the little pier, whence one could see the white house which had formerly harboured many a Jacobite conspirator, a motor-drive of six miles landed me at my destination. On the way up through one of the finest gorges I know, my host (a man to whose kindness I owe some of the happiest days of my life) had pointed out a thick young fir plantation as the abode of a royal. Several attempts had been made on his life, but, like much-enduring Ulysses, he was possessed of considerable guile. He had sustained the assault of a great legal luminary and prevailed; he had, driving being resorted to, swept aside a stalker who was sufficiently misguided to endeavour to stem his headlong charge up a ride; but, as the season advanced, refusing to appear in the open, he hugged his fir plantation, where he knew his position was impregnable, and lay low. Altogether he was something of a celebrity.

This was to have been the story of a failure. Duncan, Diana and a damp spot in a turnip-field converted it into a success. For the first few days we stuck to the open forest. The approach is one which I always enjoyed. It lies across a river flat beside the course of a burn which comes brawling down from the tops in a litter of grey stones between great grassy banks. On one side lies the sanctuary about a gnarled old birch wood, among whose stems the sun falls in patches and gleams here and there on a red hide. For some miles the road continues thus, ever ascending; then the burn narrows, its sides become less precipitous, the green banks on either hand less prominent, until, finally, they merge in a wild tumult of

peat hags, which stretch away to the stony tops, crowning the sky-line. Such country is extraordinarily hard to spy. There is nothing on which to focus; the eye becomes bewildered and you find with surprise that the sky-line, apparently a few hundreds of yards off, is in reality distant two or three miles. A hundred deer might lie hidden in the channels and fissures with which the trickling burns have seared the peat; and should one indeed appear, he shows in the distance as a tiny speck, almost invisible, until the glass reveals him as a flickering blur amid the heat haze which pours along the crest of each ridge.

Such was the ground on which five years ago Duncan, I and the ex-policeman had compassed the death of a great eleven-pointer, something of whose history has appeared in these pages. That, too, was in September, when a stag, surrounded by his bachelor friends, all on the alert, and with no watchful hinds to rely on, is a very different animal to the beast he is in October, his senses dulled by passion and his attention occupied by the flirtations of a flighty harem. The weather was magnificent; but how I prayed for a change. In bands of varying size the stags lay contentedly about the tops and basked in the warm sun, while the approach of an enemy, if not advertised by the hurried scrambles of a swarm of mountain hares or the hoarse chuckle of an old grouse, was betrayed by the crackling rustle of the dry heather. The views were magnificent, and one gazed upon a blue sea of peaks from the Boar of Badenoch and the Atholl Sow to the Cairngorms, Wyvis, the hills beyond Braulen and Kintail, Glenquoich and even Nevis himself; but no stags came into the larder. On the 13th, it is true, I might have had one. A small party of deer, among



AFTER THE DAY'S SPORT.

them a fair six-pointer and a beast with a crumpled horn, evaded us all day. The wind veered, grouse were abundant, and the deer themselves subject, as at times they are, to sudden, apparently causeless dashes. We made, I think, three distinct stalks after them. The first time we got to within four hundred yards before they were off, headed by an old yellow hind, whom I eventually grew to loathe. They moved across a wide flat and into the course of a deep burn, which lay hidden in the grey and brown mass of peats. Directly the last had vanished we dashed across the flat in an endeavour to intercept them, but were just too late, for as we reached cover that horrible yellow hind appeared. The deer all filed past her while she lay and looked superciliously at the spot where we covered. Duncan and I were hidden, but Curly, the son of that "handsome John MacDonald" spoken of by Crealock, with whom I too have enjoyed many a good stalk, was in full view and detailed her movements in a muttered whisper. "She's lo-o-king this way—She's watching a smaal staag—She's after turning her heid. The auld deevil (this in a venomous aside), she's up." Then followed a subdued growl, interspersed with hoarse expletives. Late in the evening we did get in a shot at the beast with the crumpled horn. Apparently he was hit, and disappeared with a lurch into the burn. We crept to the edge, hoping for a shot at the six-pointer. The deer finally emerged in a bunch on the opposite bank, he of the crumpled horn conducting the retreat. He can only have been wounded very slightly, and I do not know to this day where I hit him.

It is most difficult on an occasion of this kind to pick the right stag. It is equally hard for the stalker to explain his position. "Yon's him!" he exclaims. "The second frae the right." You find the second from the right is a panic-smitten knobber, who returns your murderous glance with a look of horror-struck amazement. The deer are moving all the while, and by the time the glass is readjusted and your prospective victim identified are out of shot. On the whole, perhaps, it is best to keep one's own glass out. Later in the season such a

cartridges at a galloping roebuck, which I certainly ought to have got, as the first shot was comparatively close. The river flat was, perhaps, eight hundred yards in length. Starting below the lodge, it was bordered for half its extent by a fringe of firs and spruces. Beyond these and above them lay the drive. On the left beyond the drive gates stood the plantation where dwelt the royal. The drive continued some ten or



CHOOSING THE STAG.

fifteen feet above the flat, until it met and joined the high road which wandered down the strath. The flat was swallowed in a bed of rushes and luscious grasses, which in turn gave place to a turnip-field, distant some three or four hundred yards from the drive gates. On the far side of the river which ran through the flat stood a deer fence separating some tame hinds from the farm land.

To this turnip-field we repaired in gloomy silence. Around the edge the roots were thin, and though for the most part dry and hard, an occasional damp patch gave us hope. "We'll just have a look to see has he been working here," said Duncan, and I knew he meant the royal. Curly went nosing across the rills, and presently gave a cry. Duncan and I joined him. There on a dark patch of soil was the mark of a cloven hoof, broad and deep with long, pointed slots, which showed their maker did not love the open hill. "A beeg brrute," said Duncan, and followed the tracks. They were there in plenty, and left no doubt that a heavy wood stag had been enjoying an illicit meal. The marks were fresh, and I began to feel slightly more cheerful. "We'll just go above yon plantation," said Duncan, "till we see will he come late this evening; or, maybe, another stag."

There was not a breath of wind, and the plantation lay below us spread like a map, calm and motionless. Not a twig stirred, and the movements of even a rabbit, did he show in the open, were clearly revealed. As the sun sank behind us it grew cold. A few does appeared and nosed cautiously around the young fir stems where the last rays shone, but never the sign of a stag.

"There's just only one chance," said Duncan. "We must try before it's light, for I know well he's into the wood for the day with the first streak."

Other attempts had been made on him, I knew, but he had never been seen, though fresh tracks betrayed his presence. The inference was obvious. I determined to run no risks and took the precaution of borrowing an alarm clock, a truly fearsome-looking piece of mechanism. At 3.30 a.m. I woke for the third time and, realising that the appointed hour was at hand, got up and dressed. The infernal machine was set for 3.45 a.m., so I took the precaution of muffling it with the bedclothes. As I crept gingerly from



BRINGING HOME THE QUARRY.

quandary is unlikely, the black neck and horns of the stag being easily picked out in a bunch of hinds and young beasts.

On the 14th we spent most of the day over a misleading animal who beguiled us as he lay in a peat hag. On the 15th I was up early, tried for a buck and missed him. After breakfast we turned our attention to a narrow strip of wood running parallel to the river on the other side of a rush-covered flat. The net result was the expenditure, with great rapidity, of four

been seen, though fresh tracks betrayed his presence. The inference was obvious. I determined to run no risks and took the precaution of borrowing an alarm clock, a truly fearsome-looking piece of mechanism. At 3.30 a.m. I woke for the third time and, realising that the appointed hour was at hand, got up and dressed. The infernal machine was set for 3.45 a.m., so I took the precaution of muffling it with the bedclothes. As I crept gingerly from

the room, taking great care to close the door, it suddenly exploded, and I feared that its strangled but irritatingly persistent endeavours would wake the entire household. I flung open the door, rushed back, lay on it till its energies were exhausted, and then stole silently from the house. Outside, in the clear, frosty night, I found Duncan and the two gillies. Curly, who lived some distance away, was not present, a fact which I have reason to believe embittered his existence for some days. We walked noiselessly down the border of the drive while Duncan unfolded his plan. Forty yards beyond the drive gates stood a couple of stunted birch trees; any deer moved from the flat below invariably crossed into the plantation close to them. Here I was to wait. Duncan himself was to go for a quarter of a mile down the road, and there remain to turn any beast that tried to cross up to me. The two boys were to make a detour, come in the far end of the turnip-field and walk down the flat until they reached us. It was too dark to see anything ten yards off, but as Duncan and the boys moved away, leaving me at my post, the first faint glimmering of the coming day broke down the strath.

I raised my rifle against the black shadows below me. A faint pin-head of light pricked the gloom. Down the glen an old cock pheasant rose with his harsh Eastern cry, while the grouse still called their warning across the valley. Duncan's final words floated idly in my mind: "If I see anything I'll whistle." My glance wandered up the road, whose pale glimmer stopped at the dark gates which stood in the shadow of the trees, then back across the flat and down over the burn. The bushes clustered thick on the far slope of the hili, broken here and there by little glades, grassy and set about with rushes. Even as my look rested on them, swiftly and silently a dark mass shot across one. I looked again, thinking that my eyes had deceived me. Nothing could I see, and all was silent. Then, thin and clear up the glen came a shrill whistle. I will not attempt to describe such a moment, for to all save those who know and love the sport it is indescribable. There followed a crash, and I gripped the rifle in a fever of expectation. From the burn came a splashing and terrific clatter, then a steady thud, thud. From the bank below me grew a silver birch, and through the tremulous whispering of its leaves I saw an animal's back. It moved, and I became conscious of a pair of antlers. So hidden was he by the tree that I hesitated to fire. Still he stood there, but at the shot moved slowly forward. Behind a dip I could see the line of his back and neck. As he turned, crossed the burn and walked across the flat, I felt a sudden sickening sense of disappointment. Then he wavered, swayed and turned his side. In vain I tried to steady the rifle. My hands trembled, and I even lowered it in disgust. At length I fired, and he dropped like a stone behind a tuft of rushes. Then Duncan appeared. "Did ye get him?" he cried. I nodded. The patch behind the rush clump caught his eye, and he scrambled down the bank. "I wonder what he'll be?" he continued. "Yon eicht-pinter perhaaps!"

"He's very light coloured," I said.

Duncan's reserve suddenly vanished, and he rushed forward. "Mon!" he cried, "it's him. You've got the roy-al!"

So I had, and he weighed twenty stone!

FRANK WALLACE.

A NATURALIST'S CALENDAR.

THIS is a little book which is not as well known as it deserves to be. It is called *The Naturalist's Calendar*, and is stated to have been "kept by Leonard Blomefield (formerly Jenyns)," and in its present most accessible form has been edited by that distinguished botanist, Mr. Francis Darwin. It is published by the Cambridge University Press. The keeper of the calendar, the Rev. Leonard Jenyns, was born at 10 p.m. on May 25th, 1800. The entry of the precise hour gives a suggestion of the exact mind which later fitted the ten o'clock infant for the careful work which this diary requires and indicates. At Eton the traits of extreme painstaking and orderliness of mind and conduct were sufficiently remarkable to earn him the designation of "Methodist" (in no religious sense) from his schoolfellows. He was a friend of the great Charles Darwin, and actually had the offer to be one of the passengers in the Beagle when she made that voyage which has become as famous as that of the good ship *Argo* or of the *Golden Hind*. It seems possible that had Mr. Jenyns (or Blomefield—the latter name was first assumed by him in 1871, on accession to the property of Mr. Francis Blomefield, "the celebrated historian of Norfolk") agreed to go in the Beagle, Charles Darwin might not have done so—by which conceivably the story of evolution might have been a little modified, or at all events a little delayed, in the telling. For thirty years he held the living of Swaffham Bulbeck in Cambridgeshire, a length of residence in one place which gave him the opportunity to keep the calendar. He resigned his living and went to the milder climate of the Isle of Wight owing to the ill-health of his wife, who, on her side, had probably brought into the joint stock of the family some scientific and especially some botanical acquirements and interests. She was Joan Dubeny, and niece of the Oxford Professor of Botany.

It is an interesting little booklet, sympathetically edited by Mr. Darwin, who lives at Cambridge and knows the country well, and had a pleasant

personal acquaintance with Mr. Blomefield himself. It has two rather different elements of interest. In the first place, it is a good model of how a calendar of the kind may be kept, and in the second place the details are of interest. The calendar, as given us by its editor, includes records of the earliest, latest and mean dates, respectively, of the phenomena that form the subject of the diary, for a period extending over seventeen years. It is divided, in the natural way, under the heading of the different months; and under the heading of, say, January, we have the two chief sub-headings of "Phenomena" and "Date of Occurrence," and the latter we find again subdivided into the three minor headings of "Mean," "Earliest" and "Latest." Thus the first entry, under phenomena for January, runs "Song thrush (*Turdus Musicus*) sg. com.," and under "mean" we find January 4th, under "earliest" January 1st and under "latest" February 26th. The abbreviation "sg. com." is explained to mean "song commences," and there are other abbreviations of a like kind, such as "ap." for first appearance, "sg. ceas." for song ceases, "sg. reas." for song reassumed, "l." for first opening of leaves, and "fl." for first opening of flowers. The notice of these abbreviations serves to indicate fairly adequately the kind and the scope of the entries which find place in the calendar and the entries for which it is designed. In small figures, after the mean date, is always given the number of years on which the calculation of this average date is based; and it is noted that "all these phenomena" (such as the first singing of the thrush) "which are referred to January 1st as the earliest date, may be considered as occasionally shewing themselves in December of the previous year."

The diarist not infrequently makes note of very unexpected observations, as, for instance, the dates, mean, earliest and latest, of the "House-flies upon windows." More to be anticipated is the next entry as to when the "Hive bee comes abroad." He has the dates when "Jackdaws resort to chimneys," when "Earthworms lie out," when "The Peacock screams," when "The Frog croaks." He records also when the young broods of various kinds are fledged, when the redbreast lays for a second time, when the tadpoles lose their tails and therewith their name, and become four-footed and frogs. It seems as if there were no point that he could think of in the life-history of any of the birds or other creatures or of the plant world which he did not deem worthy of entry in his diary; and no doubt this is the right hospitable spirit for a diarist of his kind. There is no guest to whom his page should be closed. The records that will be most generally interesting are those which give the dates of appearance of the migrant birds in spring. Of all the birds which come here to nest it would appear from his observations that the willow-warbler (*Sylvia trochilus*) is the most punctual to its date year by year. In the edition of Mr. Darwin, April 16th is given as its mean date, with variations on the one side and the other only to April 14th as the earliest, and April 18th as the latest date of appearance. The punctuality of this tiny bird is probably quite in accord with the observations of other ornithologists elsewhere. The editor has a note to this entry: "In Mr. Blomefield's original Calendar April 15 was given from 12 years' observation as the mean date of the willow-wren's being first heard: he says that the same date was given by 21 years' observation; and adds that his date for the red-start (April 15) and April 20 for the treepit, may be considered as the means of 16 years: his date for the blackcap (April 16) is the mean of 19 years, and April 21 for the nightingale is the mean of 20 years." It is to be confessed that with regard to the very first entry in the calendar—which has been quoted about the song-thrush—it is difficult to bring it into harmony with the entry under the month of November, where we may read: "Song Thrush (*Turdus Musicus*) sg. reas. . . . mean, Nov. 24, earliest, Nov. 5, latest Dec. 13." The "sg. reas." means "song reassumed"; yet these dates hardly agree with those given in the first entry for the first hearing of the song, and it is difficult to understand whether, and if so what, distinction the diarist wished to draw between the "commencement" and the "reassumption" of the song. The editor has no kindly note of light to throw on it. Possibly it was too obscure for him. It is to be said in all justice, however, that there are very few obscure notes in the work. Lucidity is the more constant note.

Besides the calendar thus arranged, which occupies the major space of the small book, there is at the end what is described as an "alphabetical arrangement of the periodic phenomena in the foregoing calendar." A note given to this heading may be worth reproducing: "The time of flowering (fl) is determined by the visibility of the anthers. The time of leafing (l) by the exposure of the upper surface of the leaves." These are points which an observer would do well to keep clear in his mind when recording his own comments: otherwise there must arise confusion and contradiction in results. This alphabetical arrangement gives opportunity for seeing important dates at a glance. Take, for instance, "Redwing arrives Nov. 21," or, again, "Swift last seen, Aug. 8." The above is the mean date of the redwing's arrival. Looking back at the calendar, we find that he gives October 29th as the earliest and December 21st as the latest date for this bird's coming. I have taken these two instances, that of the redwing and the swift, because the dates in Mr. Blomefield's calendar are rather different from those that experience of recent years would dispose us to assign. The redwing was observed in England in 1912 by the middle of October, and even in the first half of that month. It is not to be claimed that this date can be taken as a mean average, even for years a good deal later than those in which this diarist was observing and noting phenomena; 1912 was a year altogether exceptional in its climate and in the effects which followed the climatic vagaries. Most of the spring dates were advanced, and though the summer was cold there was a great deal of rain in August, which presumably resulted in a late "hatch out," as it is called, of much insect-life; and consequently some of the insect feeders which come to us in spring were tempted to linger later than usual in the autumn. This was conspicuously the case with the swifts, which appear to have been with us in large numbers during the first week of September, and instances of their occurrence were reported up to about the middle of the following month. Probably observers in other parts will find themselves, if they keep a calendar at all according to Mr. Blomefield's plan, jotting down arrivals and song beginnings and the like a little earlier, both as regards their first and their mean occurrence, than he has stated them, and the departures rather later; for that is a cold land on which he lived and looked for more years without interruption than happens to most of us in days when interruptions have become more frequent and more difficult to escape. But, at all events, the comparison must be interesting, and his calendar is composed on a convenient plan worthy of imitation.

H. G. H.

REFORMING A CRIMINAL.

ATTACHED to all the packs of fox-hounds which hunt the wild hill country on both sides of the English and Scotch borders is a little band of terriers. These play a leading part in carrying on the sport. Their business is to follow up the line of chase, to go to ground when required and to drive or draw out the fox. One hunt has created an established breed of its own, known as the border terrier, and a marvel of pluck and endurance the little smooth, hard-coated fellows are. Other hunts keep to the ordinary terrier of the district; rough or smooth-haired, it little matters so long as the gameness is there, and this is seldom wanting, having been inherited from a long line of fighting ancestors. To this class belonged Pompey, part of whose history will be here related. He was not lacking in gameness, but, unfortunately, this developed in a wrong direction. Pompey was a thick-set, medium-sized, wire-haired terrier, strongly built, all white save for one small black patch on his face. The white side had a soft, lamb-like look; the black patch, from its position and shape, clapped on to his eye gave the other side a very wicked look. He was a demure, sad-looking little dog, and never had any of the frolic of puppyhood; he always seemed to have something on his mind, and to be brooding over some plot.

The first time he got himself into notice was when he was nine or ten months old, and had accompanied the Master's daughter on a visit of charity. The girl had gone to enquire for a sick person, and was being shown round the house. She had observed a half-grown cat beside the kitchen fire. Shortly after this, when in another part of the house, she missed Pompey. He was found rubbing himself on the hearthrug and licking his "chops" with an air of complete indifference about him; but no cat.

Next morning the following note was handed in to the Master: "Dear Sir,—Your dog killed my catt last nite. She was a most valuable, and my claim is £5, which I would not take from any man for her." It transpired that a search revealed the "catt's" corpse with all the appearance of strangulation. After some argument this claim was amicably settled, and a cross was put against Pompey's name.

For this and other similar offences he was, of course, punished. He was rated, flogged and put in solitary confinement. He felt this last the most, and his moans might have melted the stoniest heart. He submitted to his floggings with the most callous indifference, never uttering a whimper, and making his chastiser feel a most inhuman wretch.

Pompey was duly entered to fox, and took to the work kindly, as might have been expected; but he was too silent and deadly below ground. It was hoped that his introduction to fox would drive all recollection of his feline foes from his mind. But no, he seemed to hate them, and never ceased to wage a war of extermination against them when opportunity presented. Against old Jezebel, a tortoiseshell tabby, he bore a special grudge. There is no more wicked or fierce creature than a mother cat defending her nurslings, and under these conditions in his youth had old Jezebel assailed Pompey. She sprang upon his back from behind and gave him such a clawing as left smarting sores on his ears and an indelible scar on his memory. The hour of revenge came about a year after this assault. One day, while looking for rats, he spied Jezebel asleep in the hayshed, and straightway rushed at her and hustled her so that she sought refuge in the



THE CRIMINAL.



RED-HANDED.

first port. This happened to be the fire-box, where hounds' soup was simmering in the copper. Here, in the boiling heat, with hot cinders falling on him, and with no room to shake her, he literally squeezed the life out of poor Jezebel, and then returned to the kennel sneezing and with an extra demure expression on his face.

Pompey's next lapse was a serious one. He developed a taste for mutton, and with nice discrimination he evinced a preference for the black-faced variety. In other words, he took to chasing sheep on the hill when chance favoured him. But so cunning and stealthy were his methods that he had committed the crime several times before he was caught red-handed. The second horseman saw half-a-score of black-faced hoggets, disturbed by the commotion, running madly across the moor, and Pompey felt a strong, wild scent invade his nostrils. In the afternoon the shepherd recovered the corpse of a fat young wedder with lacerated nostrils and protruding tongue.

After this Pompey's proclivities grew stronger, and his crimes were so frequent and so cunningly devised that he could not be trusted out of sight. A conference was held, and it was resolved to subject him to most drastic treatment. It was decided to send him out to a hill farm to be placed in charge of old James Renwick, a man of long experience in breaking sheepdogs to sheep, and in breaking all other kinds, which he designated as "mongerils," off sheep. He promised that within a week Pompey would not "bide in the same field with a sheep," nor even look in its direction. Some days later the treatment commenced, and an innocent-looking little terrier might have been seen chained up to the lowest rail of a "gripping bught" in the sheep folds with a small group of alert and watchful-looking Cheviot rams in the far corner watching him, and advancing towards him blowing through their noses and stamping their feet. An hour or two of this, and then all the rams but one were let out into a larger yard. To this single one Pompey was chained, coupled up with a three or four-foot leash, and the pair were driven backwards and forwards, the terrier being dragged about like an old shoe. Whenever he got on his legs the ram charged and butted him till his ribs were nearly cracked. Then, as he still showed signs of fight, the gate was opened and the ram rushed out to join his companions. All were now driven round the yard, the unresisting little terrier being trailed ignominiously behind till not a breath was left in his poor battered little body. A respite of some hours was allowed him, and in the afternoon he was taken out again and tied up in a gateway, through which a flock of sheep was driven backwards and forwards over him. At the end of three days of this course of treatment he was discharged, a cured and badly bruised and thoroughly humbled little terrier was led away with ears flatter and tail lower than they had ever been carried before.

From this time forward Pompey's taste changed to a more useful one; he never again looked at any animal above ground with intent to attack, but to his legitimate foe the fox, below ground, he became a demon. He went for him with all the bottled-up fire and suppressed venom of former days, and is now accounted one of the best and gamest of kennel terriers.

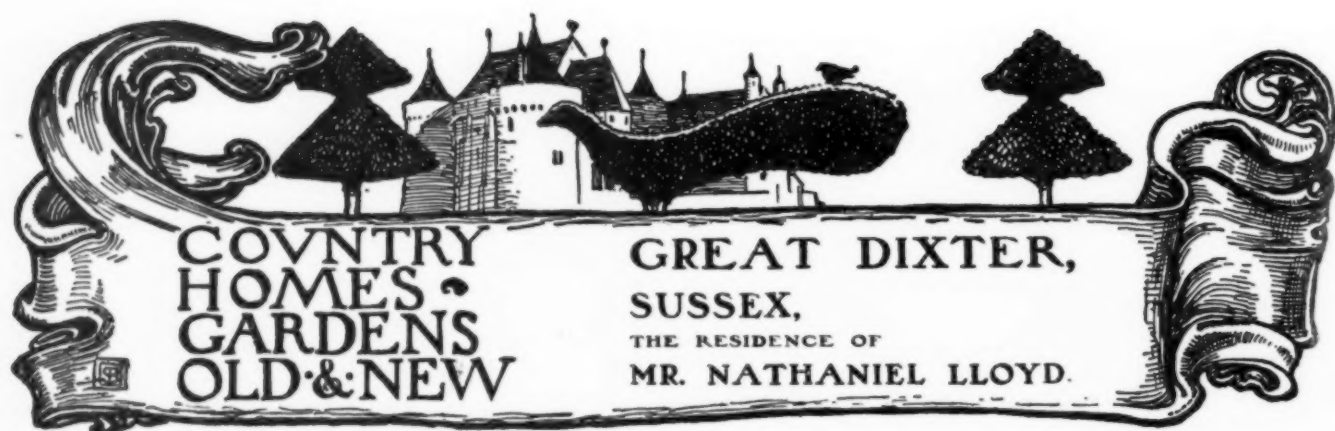
T. SCOTT ANDERSON.



TAKING "THE CURE."



THE REFORMED CRIMINAL.

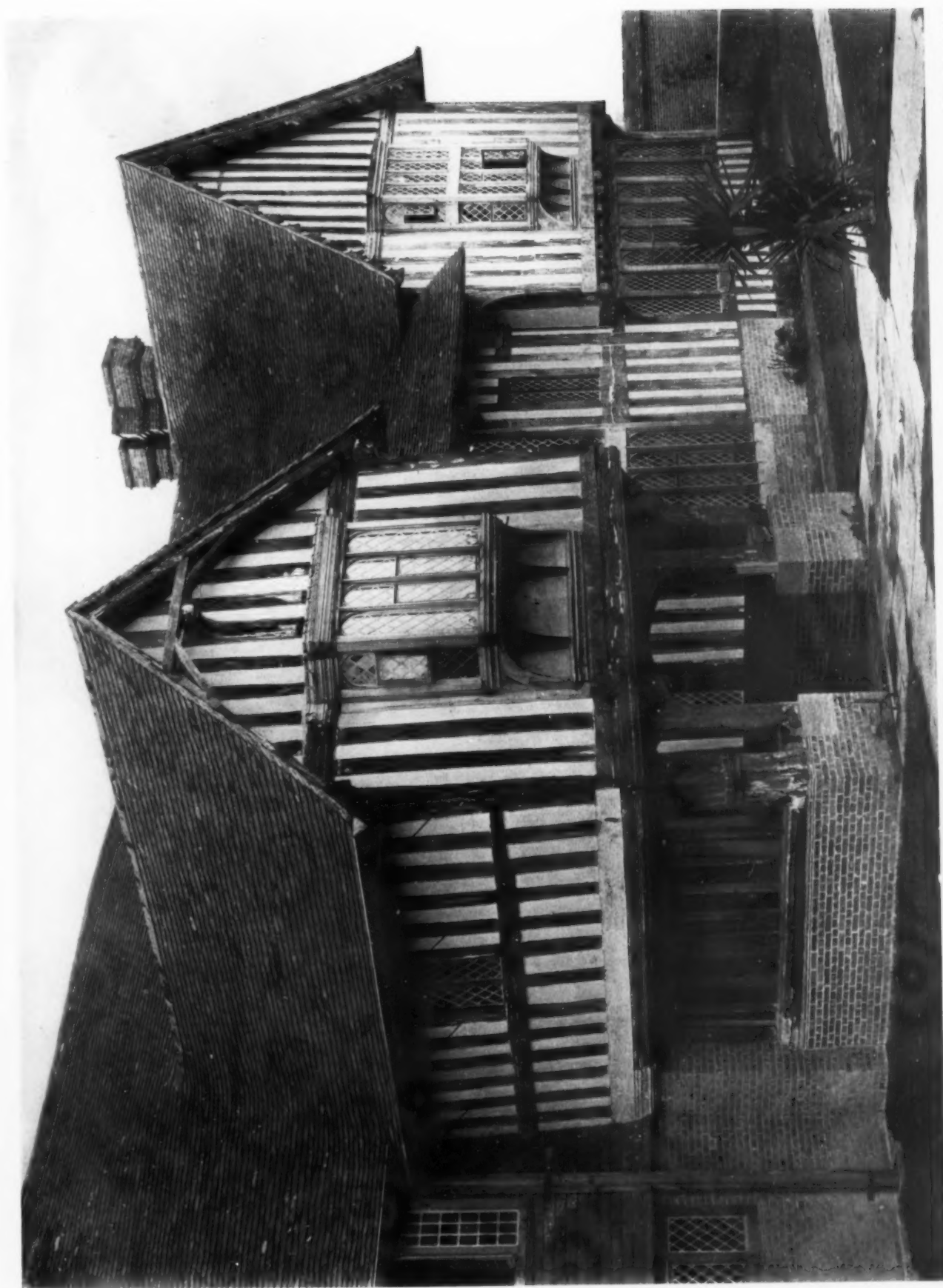


SOUTHERN KENT and East Sussex are peculiarly rich in early timber houses which reveal the simple plan that contented our mediæval forbears. Though all of them have been altered to fit them for less simple conditions of life, their general arrangement can readily be disentangled. Most of them were yeomen's houses, and the only one in that district which can claim to be a manor house of dignity is Great Dixter, near Northiam, the subject of our pictures.

It is necessary to enter into the early ownership of the manor in some detail, because of the light thrown thereby on the date of what must be regarded as one of the most important and perhaps the earliest timber house in Sussex. There was an Adam de Dyksters in 1295, and in 1340 one Hamo at Gate was liable to find one man-of-arms in respect of his land in Dicksterve. Hamo's daughter Joan married Robert Echingham, and on their death, Dixter passed to the descendants of Robert's younger brother, Richard. Another Robert Echingham was in possession in 1411. His daughter, Elizabeth, married Richard Wakehurst, who died in 1454, leaving his widow in possession until her death in 1464. Their son had died young, leaving two daughters, under the guardianship of their grandmother,

Elizabeth Wakehurst, and of Richard's brother-in-law, John Gaynesford. The two girls were entrusted to Gaynesford's sister Agnes, wife of Sir John Culpeper, who quite probably was privy to their abduction and marriage by his two brothers, Richard and Nicholas. This exploit was doubtless inspired by the intent to secure Dixter for the girls when their grandmother died; but by Richard Wakehurst's marriage settlement the manor was to go back to the Echingham family in default of male Wakehurst heirs. Sir Thomas Echingham accordingly succeeded, and was followed by his daughter Margaret, whose second husband was Sir John Elrington. We know that Sir John was in possession of Dixter in 1479, because he was granted licence to crenellate and fortify the manor in that year, and he died in 1483, leaving to Margaret his household stuff at Dixter. Shortly afterwards, the two Culpepers who had married the two Wakehursts claimed the manor from the widow, but she had powerful friends. One of her daughters by her first marriage had married Andrew Windsor, who afterwards became Lord Windsor, and he stood by her. The lawyers were busy with the quarrel for several years, and it was complicated by the efforts of other claimants, which need not be described. To make a long story short, the Culpepers failed in their suits,





PORCH FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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and when Dame Margaret Elrington died, the property passed to the Windsor family, with whom it remained until 1595. It was then purchased by John Glydd, but in 1640 his family ended in three heiresses, who subdivided the property, and the later story of the manor need not concern us. It is often called Big Dixter in early records. Little Dixter, near by, is an Elizabethan house, but it is not of the hall type.

A few years ago Mr. J. E. Ray wrote a most interesting paper on Great Dixter, which was then disfigured by modern accretions, such as the two floors which had been inserted across the great hall. His analysis of the building is a valuable contribution to the development of timber "hall houses," but the accuracy of the date to which he attributes the building of Dixter may be doubted. Judged merely by the architectural evidence of its fabric, the house can safely be placed between 1440 and 1480, but Mr. Ray suggests that the heraldic devices on the hall roof enable us to narrow this down considerably. Among the shields of arms is that of the Gaynesfords. Mr. Ray points out that one of them became interested in the manor after the death, in 1464, of Elizabeth Wakehurst, but even then

it was not as owner, but only as trustee. He suggests that it is unlikely that the Gaynesford arms could have been carved long after the building was finished, and decides on 1464 as the earliest date to which we can assign the hall. This theory, however, requires examination. On the death of Elizabeth Wakehurst, as we have already seen, the manor returned to Sir Thomas Echingham, but there seems no reason why, if he built the house, he should have carved on the roof the arms of John Gaynesford, with whom, as the guardian of the two girls who were claiming the estate against him, he can scarcely have been on good terms. On the other hand, if Richard Wakehurst, who married Elizabeth Echingham, the heiress of Dixter, built the hall, it would have been a very natural thing for him to set up the arms of his brother-in-law, who belonged to a family distinguished in the locality. The analogy afforded by many other houses shows that there is no occasion more fruitful of building than the advent of a man to an estate of which he marries the heiress. It

seems reasonable, therefore, to attribute the hall to some date between 1440 and 1454. Even if that be not true, it must have been finished before 1479, when Elrington was



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A CORNER OF THE SOUTH TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE SOUTH SIDE WITH BENENDEN HOUSE IN FOREGROUND.

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FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

in possession, or his arms would appear with those of Echingham and Gaynesford on the hammer-beams, one of which shows an empty shield. If, however, we are correct in the attribution to Richard Wakehurst, he was a builder with original ideas. The hall is a noble apartment, and runs up three storeys in height. It measures forty feet by twenty-five feet—about double the size of the hall of a yeoman's house—and the construction is particularly interesting. It is divided into four bays by great oak posts, which extend from the ground to the eaves and form the vertical framework of the building. On top of them, and running through the length of the house, are big timbers, which form the wall plate. The unusual feature at Dixter is that, while these uprights are connected across the hall at its lower end, and also in the middle, by tie-beams, the intermediate posts dividing the solar from the first bay, the first from the second, and the third from the fourth, are furnished only with three pairs of short hammer-beams. This construction is certainly rare, and possibly unique, in a large building wholly of timber, as it is much better adapted for use with stone walls.

On the ends of these hammer-beams, and fixed at a slope, so that they look down to the hall at an angle of 45deg., are shields of arms bearing the following cognisances: the fret of the Echinghams, the engrailed cross of the Dalyngrugges and three greyhounds between a chevron for the Gaynesfords. When the hall was built, there was an open hearth on the floor from which the smoke found its way out by the windows or through chinks in the roof, or by a louvre, just as it did in the notable case of Penshurst. The roof timbers show by their blackened surfaces the inconvenience that fifteenth-century folk were ready to suffer. At the upper or west end of the hall there was a dais, on which stood the dining-table for the owner and his family. Mortice holes in the posts at the end of the wall remain to show that the dais floor was about fifteen inches above the general level of the hall, which in those days was sometimes known as the "marsh." As it was usually of beaten earth, strewn with rushes, and mingled with scraps of food and bones, this name seems to be apt enough. An examination of the building goes to show that the



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THE HALL: LOOKING EASTWARDS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE HALL: WEST END.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

apartment opening out of the west of the hall, with the room above it, and the porch are of later date. It may be that Richard Wakehurst died before his work was done, and that the family disturbances which followed caused operations to be suspended until the succession of Margaret Echingham and her husband, Sir John Elrington. The ground floor room in houses of this type is ordinarily called the "cellar," but this is a misleading description at Dixter, because there is a real cellar beneath it. The room on the upper floor is the solar and runs up two storeys. These two west rooms were the private and sleeping apartments of the family, to which they retired after eating in hall. At the south end of the hall dais was a doorway to the staircase which led up to the solar, but unhappily all traces of the original staircase work have disappeared. The solar itself had originally two fine tie-beams, which supported the hing-posts of its handsome open roof. One of these has been cut away, but the other remained intact. Both the solar and

the parlour below had big stone fireplaces. The one in the solar remains in an admirable condition, but is rather puzzling, as it reveals on the spandrels of its carved mantel-piece the hawk's lure of the Lewknor family, who were associated with Bodiam Castle, and the antlered head of the Windsor family. Presumably this fire place was added later; it can hardly have been adorned with the Windsor cognisances by Elrington. Unhappily the fireplace in the room below has been hopelessly mutilated. That the rooms were in full use during the sixteenth century is shown by the legend scratched on the beam of the parlour, which runs as follows:

"JOHN HARRISON DWELT ATT DIXTERN XXXVI YERS AN
VI MONTHES. CAME YE FERST OF ELISABETHE RAIN."

It is probable that when Lord Windsor and his wife entered into their inheritance they did something which added to the amenities of Dixter, but their chief seat was at Stanwell in Bucks.

The first baron died in 1543 and his successor in 1558. The Windsors leased Dixter to the father of the John Harrison who, in 1595, or thereabouts, scratched the inscription already quoted.

A glance at the plan will show that nothing remains of the old house of Dixter but the hall, solar and porch already described, but there are clear evidences as to how the east end was treated. Crossing the hall there was a screen, perhaps with a gallery over, and into this entry, commonly called "the screens," the porch would have given. Two doors would open into the hall and two to the left into buttery and pantry. Servants' rooms would be provided over the latter, and probably the room above the porch had a door from the screen gallery. By the

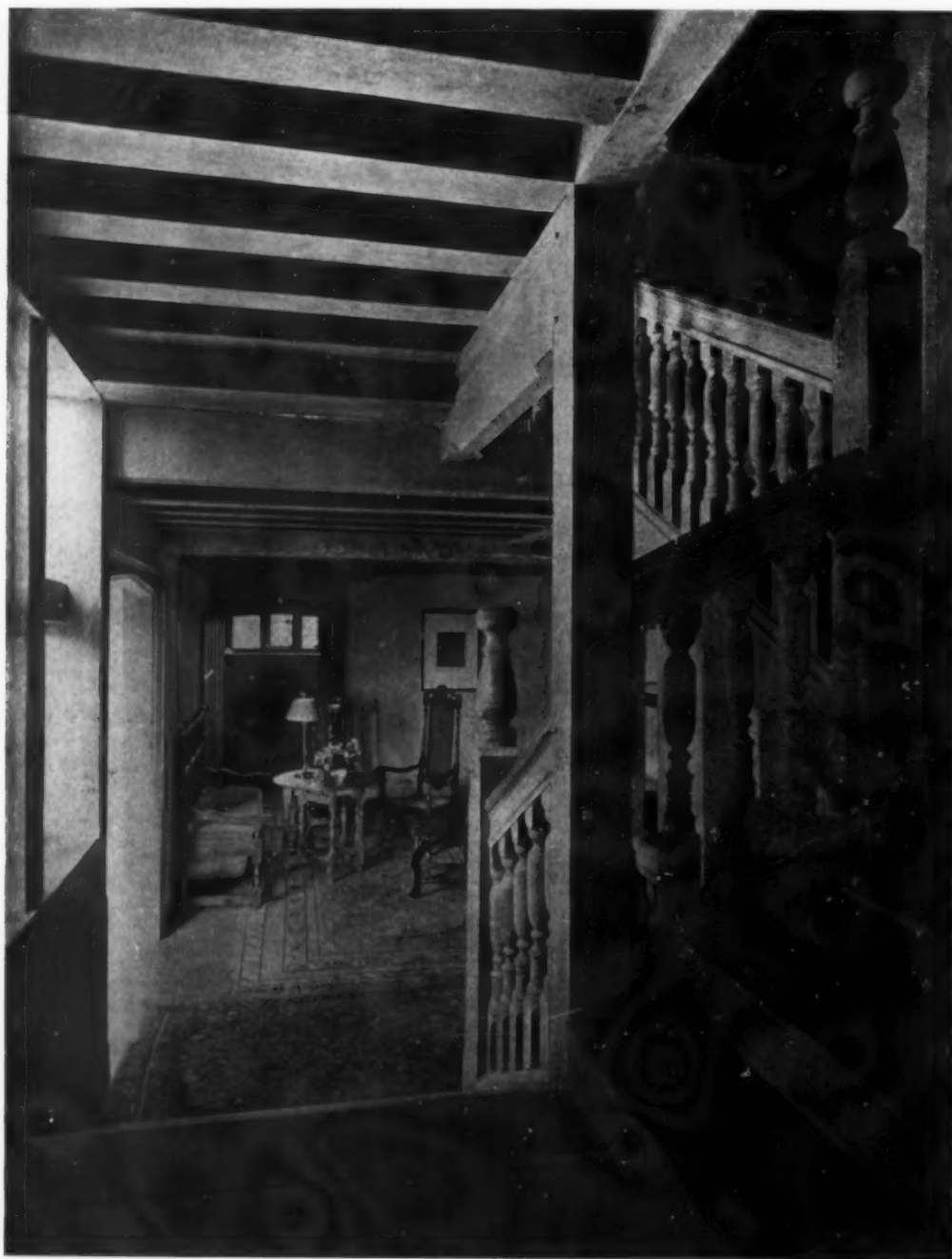
sound in its bones. In one respect the task of restoration was easy, for there was no work of later than the fifteenth century which had any intrinsic merit entitling it to continued existence. All the additions to the original house were sheer defacements. Mr. Lutyens was the architect for the work, and his handling of it has been altogether admirable. It is obvious that when the two added floors which cut up the hall, and that which divided the solar and all the cross partitions had been cleared out, the rooms available, though large, were few, and it was necessary to decide how the needful accommodation should be provided. Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Lutyens made visits to many of the yeoman's hall houses in the neighbourhood in order to mark the local peculiarities of treatment, and

among them was the typical house at Benenden in Kent, which was known as "The Old House at Home." It was very dilapidated, and the great chimney-stack had lately collapsed and broken down the floors and partitions in its fall. Its owner was then arranging to demolish the framework, and Mr. Lloyd bought it. The transplanting of houses from their original site is generally a meaningless proceeding, greatly to be deprecated; but in this case it was amply justified. Indeed, in no other way could a valuable example of timber building have been spared. It was accordingly rebuilt to the south-east of the Dixter house. All the timbers were numbered and photographed before being taken down and carried to the new site, and the Benenden house was connected with the Hall of Dixter by a wholly new eastern wing. In designing the latter, Mr. Lutyens has made no sort of attempt to imitate the timber construction of the two old houses, but has built in brick and weather-tiling.

Nor were any alterations or restorations made in the old work save where absolutely necessary. Neither dais nor screen was set up afresh in the great hall. The big fireplace in the hall was built against its east wall, but in the new wing. Adjoining it in the north-east corner was provided an internal wind-porch to keep the hall warm and comfortable. The parlour at the west end had been divided by a partition into two rooms, and this convenient arrangement was retained. As the unlovely additions of the nineteenth century, mostly of lath and plaster, were one by one removed, a window here and a moulding there came to light, damaged sometimes, but not so far

that renewal could not be done with certainty rather than conjecture to guide it. Some of the windows had originally been filled, not with glass, but with shutters sliding in grooves, and the latter remained. By great good fortune one of the ancient shutters of the Benenden house had survived, and new ones were made from it for use in two pairs of pointed windows in the porch room.

In the Benenden hall, now the chief bedroom at Dixter, the upright bars, which were provided as a protection to the shuttered openings, have survived, and the openings have been glazed behind them on one side, but boarded up on the other, as seen in our picture. This yeoman's hall never boasted a screen, but the crenellated beam which crossed the hall at the



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ON THE STAIRS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

end of the sixteenth century people were getting tired of being smoke-dried in the hall, and were building fireplaces at the lower or buttery end of it. It is a probable theory that when John Harrison died or left Dixter in 1595 the new owner, John Glydd, remodelled the house, built the great chimney and divided the open hall into three storeys. The mantel-beam of the similar but smaller house at Benenden was dated 1595, which marks the time at which other places in the neighbourhood were being converted. From the beginning of the seventeenth century and for three hundred years the main fabric suffered little save for the usual insertion of sliding sashes and other minor alterations. When Mr. Lloyd acquired Dixter it presented in some ways a rather woeful appearance, but it was



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THE SOLAR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE HALL OF THE BENENDEN HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



GROUND AND FIRST FLOOR PLANS.

The area of the original house of Great Dixter is covered with a dotted tint. The Benenden house on the south side is cross-hatched, and the new work is left white.

upper end was returned two feet into the room to screen the master of the house from the neighbouring door as he sat at meat. This interesting feature remains. The warming of a mediaeval house is rather a problem. Radiators strike an unduly modern note, but they are a necessity, especially in rooms with open roofs. At Dixter, their cases are mainly old oak chests with chases suitably contrived to allow free circulation of the warmed air. In one example (now illustrated) the radiator case serves as a wash-stand.

The planning of the new wing is ingenious, as the two old houses are perfectly connected, but they are yet

allowed to stand out freely from each other and from the connecting wing. The north or entrance front is Dixter, the south or garden side Dixter and Benenden. As the ground sloped rapidly to the south, the yeoman's house had to be set up on a brick substructure, with which is linked a delightful scheme of terrace and stairways. The group of steps, round on plan, which appears in our fifth picture, is very characteristic of Mr. Lutyens' inexhaustible invention. In the treatment of the garden



Copyright. CORNER OF A BEDROOM.

"C.L."

the same conservatism which informed the repair of the house has been the keynote. All the old farm buildings have been retained. The orchard comes up to the lower terrace with its flagged walk over a hundred yards long. On one side of this walk is the great herbaceous border. A tiled cattle-hovel became a garden shelter and the yard in front of it a formal rose garden; another hovel became a fruit-house. Not so long ago oxen ploughed the Dixter land, and there remained an ox-yard with its thatched hovel where the beasts sheltered. This yard is another garden, and the shed makes a children's play-house. Another great thatched barn serves as a garage and generating station.

All these farm buildings have been added from time to time regardless of right angles or of any relation to each other or to the house. Yet so skilfully has Mr. Lutyens linked them up by various features which mask the riot of contending lines that the combined effect is wholly restful and coherent. As time goes on, doubtless many more such houses as Great Dixter will be rescued from neglect and will reveal again the delightful craftsmanship of later mediaeval times. It will be fortunate if they are restored by an owner so sympathetic and by an architect who so justly combines the antiquary with the artist.

LAWRENCE WEAVER.



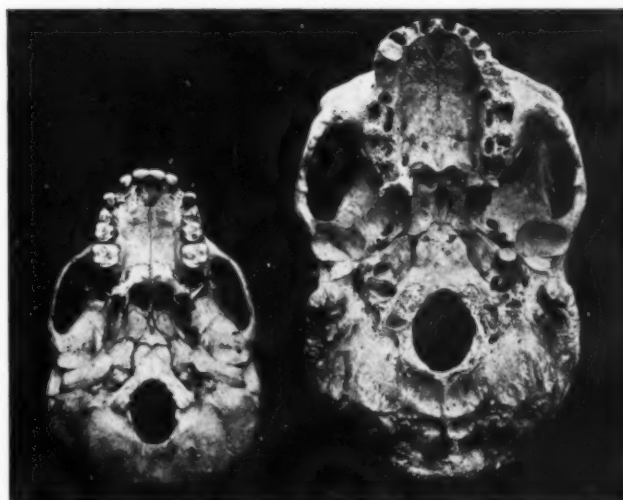
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THE NEW UPPER STAIRCASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE SKULL FROM PILTDOWN GRAVEL

ANOTHER, and very remarkable, link in the chain of man's evolution from his ape-like ancestors has just been unearthed in Sussex. And this fact formed the subject of one of the most memorable meetings in the annals of the Geological Society on December 18th, when Mr. Charles Dawson and Dr. Smith-Woodward, the Keeper of Geology in the British Museum, recounted the story of their great find. The discovery was due to Mr. Dawson, a keen student of Palaeontology. In due course he communicated the news of his treasure to Dr. Smith-Woodward, and during the past summer the two worked strenuously to secure, as they hoped, the complete skeleton. But, alas! only portions of the skull, originally found entire and thoughtlessly broken up by workmen, rewarded their search. The remains recovered form the greater part of the brain case and the right half of the lower jaw. And these were found in gravel which was being taken from a field near Piltown Common, Sussex. They are of quite extraordinary interest, inasmuch as they reveal a remarkable combination of human and simian, or ape-like characters, and thus constitute one



PRIMITIVE HUMAN SKULL AND SKULL OF CHIMPANZEE.

Under surface of the skull of a young chimpanzee compared with that of an extremely primitive type of skull from Torres Straits. The human skull shows a long, ape-like palate, but a deep socket for the articulation of the lower jaw, and the bony "boss" known as the mastoid process. In the ape the process is wanting, and the articulation for the jaw is very shallow.

of the missing links in man's ancestry so often demanded by the opponents of the evolution theory.

That these are the remains of a human skull is shown most conclusively by the fact that the hinge for the lower jaw, and the associated bony arch for one of the great masticatory muscles, exactly agree with the same region in human skulls of

berg, some five years ago, and hence its most striking features are the absence of a "chin" and the great breadth of the

upper branch whereby it articulates with the skull. It is ape-like again in the absence of the ridge which forms so conspicuous a feature in the human jaw, for the attachment of certain muscles concerned with swallowing. In the matter of the teeth the human type prevails again, for, in the first place, all the surfaces are at the same level, whereas in the apes the canines project above the rest of the series and cause a gap between themselves and the premolars. But in the jaw of this Sussex man the canines must have been exceptionally large, and so also must have been the front teeth, while the back grinders display longer surfaces than in the teeth of modern races. In the matter of absolute size, however, they



PRIMITIVE SKULL FROM TORRES STRAITS.

A very primitive type of skull from Torres Straits, showing the deeply overhanging brows and projecting upper jaw, ape-like characters and the large "mastoid process" at the base of the skull.



THE JAW OF THE FOSSIL MAN OF HEIDELBERG.

The newly-discovered man of Sussex bears a close resemblance to this. Note the absence of a projecting "chin," the jaw sloping sharply backwards from the very base of the front teeth.

to-day, and differ absolutely from the apes in these particulars. Further, the base of the skull displays another character peculiar to men. And this is furnished by the swollen, conical protuberance of bone known as the "mastoid process," which is never found in the apes. These points are well shown in the annexed photographs. Yet other evidence of the human character of this skull is furnished by its hinder region, which is more or less spherical and projects far beyond the aperture of the ear. In the apes the skull has the appearance of having been sharply truncated behind this aperture;



JAW OF KAFFIR.

Jaw of a Kaffir (left), showing the human type of teeth and a fairly well-marked chin, contrasted with the jaw of a chimpanzee, showing the great canines and the gap formed behind for the end of the fang of the upper jaw. The chin is conspicuous by its absence. Note the bony floor behind the front teeth and between the canines. This is wanting in man.

JAW OF CHIMPANZEE.

are smaller than in such primitive races as the Australians and certain of the natives of Torres Straits.

As to the age of this ancient Briton, we can do no more than guess. Several hundred thousand years would be no exaggerated estimate, for it was found in Pleistocene gravel of nearly the same age as the Norfolk Forest bed, and therefore not remote from the Pliocene period. Thus our hopes of finding Pliocene man seem much more likely to be realised than we had reason to hope before

this discovery. Another factor which has helped to date this skull is the occurrence of numerous flint implements of the same age, and of the type known as "Chellean." These are, of course, "palæolithic" implements. Some are of large size, and were used as an axe-head might be used which had lost its handle, for the idea of affixing a handle to stone implements does not seem to have occurred till some thousands of years later. From the fashion of some of these implements there seems good reason to believe that the men of this far-off age used wooden spears whose sharpened points were probably hardened by fire, as the Tasmanians were known to do.

With a very little imagination we could reconstruct the world in which he lived and the manner in which he stalked his prey

and evaded predatory animals. For we know that he lived among great herds of elephants, of species long since extinct, and that the rhinoceros and hippopotamus were abundant, for remains of these animals have been found in association with the skull and implements. The lion, the sabre-toothed tiger and the bear he certainly had to contend with. Probably the elephant and the hippopotamus, the bison and an extinct species of horse were hunted for food. Mr. Dawson's discovery will give a tremendous impetus to the hunt for fossil Britons, which of late years has somewhat flagged. It will also do much to discount the importance which has been placed upon the much-discussed Galley Hill man, which many of us feel convinced is by no means so ancient a type as some suppose.

W. P. PYCRAFT.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

OF all kinds of journalism, the most adventurous and romantic is the career of a war correspondent. Like a great many other callings, however, it has changed immensely since the time when Russell sent his masterly despatches from the Crimea, or even when Archibald Forbes performed his amazing feat in the Franco-German War. The first of the modern war correspondents had the luck to go out at a time when there was much less censorship than military authorities think needful to-day; but cable and telegraph systems were not by any means perfected and the prompt appearance of their material was almost invariably due to some daring feat on their own part. In the latest of the wars that this generation has witnessed the business of the war correspondent has almost been reduced to a futility. While the Bulgars and their allies were assailing the once terrible Turk, the war correspondents were cooped up in cities far removed from the scene of operations. There has been practically only one, and he the representative of an Austrian paper, who has been allowed to witness and write of great events as they occurred. Evidently, if a censorship equally strict is to be maintained in future wars, many newspapers will reconsider their policy of sending a staff to the front. On the other hand, the very difficulty of the task is sure to call forth more ingenuity of enterprise on the part of those adventurous journalists who will always be attracted by the scent of battle. There was never better example of the tribe than the late Melton Prior, whose war sketches delighted succeeding generations of England from the end of 1873 onwards; and his notes, edited by Mr. S. L. Bensusan and published under the title *Campaigns of a War Correspondent* (Arnold), will be read with much interest. He made his first campaign as a special war artist when Lord Wolseley—Sir Garnet Wolseley as he was then—conducted operations against the Ashanti. He must have been very young then, as he died at the age of sixty-four in November, 1910.

His comment upon the Ashanti War is that "the greatest trouble and worry to any general in a campaign abroad is the difficulty of commissariat and its transport; and the same applies to-day as it did years ago." In the case of the Turks, the truth of this axiom has been made tragically apparent. Talking of the Turks, the chapter on the Turkish War of 1876 is painfully instructive as to the causes of the present downfall. It is a story of a gallant, but on the whole indolent, nation letting itself be destroyed by carelessness and corruption.

In those days the war correspondent would take up an attitude that is not possible to-day. On one occasion none of Mr. Prior's sketches was sent through for six weeks, whereupon the correspondent went to interview the Press censors. He took with him six pictures of the atrocities he had witnessed, which he showed them:

Then approaching the table, I smashed my hand down on it as I looked straight in their faces, saying, "Tewfik Bey and Selim Effendi, you have stopped my sketches for six weeks. What have you done with them?"

They denied it. Again clenching my hand and bringing it down with another thump on the table, I said, "You have. What does this telegram mean?"

I showed them the one I had just received from my office.

They pretended it was perfectly incorrect, but I could see from their sullen faces that they were guilty, but did not know how to get out of it.

"Now," I said, "Tewfik Bey, there are the sketches, and you will stamp them, but I will give you my word as an Englishman that I will not post them, but if ever one more week's sketches of mine fail in the post I will send them to England."

He said he would not stamp them.

"Very well, then," I said, "I will take them to Varna."

He replied, "If you do I will have you arrested."

"Oh no, you won't; you cannot frighten me like that. If you arrest me, the question would come up as to what I was arrested for? My reply would be that I had seen atrocities, and was going to expose them, and thus the whole affair would become an international matter. I may be deported and sent

back to my country, but, as I have told you, I will make these sketches ten times worse, and twenty of them instead of six. Now, then, Tewfik Bey, will you stamp those sketches or will you not?"

It is not possible to touch on all the campaigns of this veteran, whose missions are counted by hundreds; but at the present moment the chapters on the Boer War of 1881 and the Transvaal War of 1900 will be read with dramatic interest. The story of Majuba Hill has never been better told, and he pays the Boers this very high compliment:

They carried by sheer pluck and fighting a position which our General himself considered impregnable. Even now I can hardly understand how it was done, so sudden was the rush, so instantaneous the change from what was regarded as perfect safety to imminent peril.

He has many stories of hair-breadth escapes by field and flood, and the pictures he draws are sometimes unexpected. His comment after the battle was over is well worth reproducing:

General Wood had all through been in telegraphic communication with the home Government, and had received the most minute instructions, but I knew what the feelings of the troops and correspondents were. The message they wanted was, "Cut the wires," i.e., have an imaginary accident to the telegraphic cable, cut yourself adrift from the vacillating Home Government, and fight the enemy with the troops that have been landed and hurried up country. The General had more than enough for the purpose, and had the enemy been taught a lesson then, the cruel war of 1899, which cost so many thousands of lives and over two hundred and fifty millions of money, would never have been necessary.

I was once bold enough to say to Sir Evelyn that there was a time when I was horrified at his throwing down the sword and taking up the pen, to which he immediately replied, "I am a soldier, Mr. Prior, and a soldier's first duty is to obey."

In the Transvaal War Melton Prior had the ill-fortune to be shut up with several other correspondents in Ladysmith, and his history of the siege, written from the inside, is full of detail. Perhaps the most touching episode in it was the death of G. W. Steevens, most brilliant and most promising of young correspondents. Many stories are told of that final parting, but this seems to be the authentic one:

With less effort than one would have thought under such circumstances, Steevens gave his final instructions to Maude and his final wishes, and then said, "Well, Maude, we have been very good chums, and if I am going to die let's have our final drink together. Get that last bottle of champagne that I have reserved for the relief of Ladysmith." Maude assured me it was awful, but he opened the bottle, and pouring out two tumblers gave one to Steevens. He, raising himself as well as he could, touched Maude's glass with his, saying, "Well, good-bye, old chap"; he emptied the tumbler, while Maude, as he afterwards assured me, positively could not swallow his. But Steevens insisted, and thus these two chums bade each other good-bye. Steevens only lived three hours afterwards.

In the Russo-Japanese War Prior did not have a chance, as he was throughout it "chained in Tokio and elsewhere under Government surveillance." He was then sixty years of age, but as full of energy as any young man could have been. His life was cut short in a very little time after that, but it had been a very full and busy one. Those who knew him best are the readiest to acknowledge that he was, in the phraseology of Fleet Street, "a right good sort." "To the end," says Mr. Bensusan, who writes a preface to the book, "he never lost his good spirits; though foggy days and bronchial attacks might lessen the quality of laughter, they could not extinguish it."

A BOOK ON BIG GAME HUNTING.

The Adventures of an Elephant-Hunter. by James Sutherland (Macmillan.)

THE author in his preface states that he has written the series of episodes which make up his book "choosing only those which I feel will interest even the ordinary reader who knows little of, and cares less for, the technicalities of big game hunting." Many such readers will, no doubt, read it with the vivid interest it deserves; but with even greater attention will it be read by the experienced big-game-hunters who can better realise the perils and difficulties from which

the author's coolness and nerve have saved him, not once but many times. During ten years Mr. Sutherland has accounted for four hundred and forty-seven bull elephants, and the impression left on the reader's mind as he closes the book on the last pathetic lines is that a resolute, strong-willed man, obsessed by an intense love for an adventurous, open-air life, has chosen the calling of an elephant-hunter, possibly the most dangerous in the world, because it was the most lucrative which fulfilled his requirements. The present writer was reading, a few days ago, an article wherein a certain traveller alluded to an elephant-hunter whom he had met, whose parting words were, "They'll get me some day!" He believed, as many other experienced hunters believe, that in the long run the elephant-hunter will almost certainly die a violent death; yet nothing could keep him from his chosen calling. There is little doubt that Mr. Sutherland was the man alluded to. A few centuries ago he would have been a soldier of fortune, with heights before him that the elephant-hunter can never hope to scale. The book is full of exciting incidents and stories, some of which in earlier years would have been received with absolute incredulity, though now we know that the world is even more wonderful than the Victorian travellers would have had us believe. It is usually stated in books on hunting that a white man, however long he may have devoted his time and attention to sport, can never hope to equal a black whose senses are untainted by contact with civilisation. Mr. Sutherland disagrees with this, and considers a native inferior "to an adaptable and thoroughly trained white man." Chapter II. contains one of the best accounts of an encounter with a wild elephant we ever remember to have read. "Kom-kom," in Chapter IV., is equally good; a later chapter describes a fight between two wild elephants, an event which few white men have ever witnessed. The attack on an elephant by the author's fox-hunter makes excellent reading; so does "The Wild Man of the Golambepo Mountains," and the fight between a hippopotamus and a lion. The author discusses the amount of danger involved in hunting various animals, and considers elephant-hunting, "without doubt, the most dangerous. Second, and on a par, I would classify buffaloes and lions; third, leopards." Much, of course, depends on the manner of hunting, and Mr. Sutherland condemns the practice of hunting the lion with a pack of dogs as being unsportsmanlike, with which we cordially agree. He considers that game is on the increase in Africa, and regards such an increase, the reader is surprised to learn, in the light of a calamity. He gives as his reason the "great impetus to the propagation of the tse-tse fly," but this is a subject which has already aroused great diversity of opinion. There is a most vivid description of the cold-blooded and devilish manner in which a native will poison a man he thinks has wronged him. In Chapter XXVI. the author describes how he performed the unique feat of taming a wild dog, and in a later chapter the funeral pyre whose smoke ascended to Heaven in memory of his plucky dog Brandy. He shows that at times elephant meat may prove too strong a temptation for even an ardent follower of the Prophet, and a somewhat remarkable book closes with a description of the death of two elephant-hunters. There is an appendix dealing with native plants and insects. The photographs are not equal to the writing, the succession of dead elephants becoming rather monotonous. The book remains a remarkable exception to the usual run of literature of this class, and one which we can strongly recommend to all those who are fond of true tales of adventure and sport.

Ayrshire Idylls. by Neil Munro. Illustrated by George Houston. (A. and C. Black.)

HERE is a happy treatment of that most hackneyed of tourist subjects, "The Land o' Burns." The aim of Neil Munro has been to recreate the atmosphere of a country-side by the use of its traditions. His Idylls are fanciful, and occasionally suggest a reading of local history from which it is no heresy to dissent, but the celebrities of Ayrshire are drawn with a skilful hand. Soon the perfervid Scot will be celebrating the anniversary in which "a blast o' Janwar wind blew handsell in on Robin," and we have little pen-and-ink sketches of Rab at Coosin Nansie's store and at the tavern, in love and in usquebaugh, ploughing and roystering. But his is not the only personality dominating Ayrshire. We have Johnson and Boswell and the Laird of Auchinleck, Cameron, the Lion of the Covenant, Hachstan and his desperate band, Peden, prophet and craven, and others whose history is intermingled with that of Ayrshire. Mr. Houston's illustrations are "on the spot," and for cleverness, aptness, and artistic merit far beyond those found in the usual picture book.

The Story of My Heart. by Richard Jefferies. (Duckworth.)

JEFFERIES' *The Story of My Heart* remains with certain of his admirers the best-loved of his books. It is quoted almost as a Scriptural text by Nature-lovers with a strain of the mystical or psychical in their temperament. Indeed, in these pages many of their doctrines and beliefs were anticipated. At any rate, it is a book of the open air, and its revelations could only come from one who had long mused in wind and sunshine and solitude. By arrangement with the firm of Longmans it has been issued as a companion volume to the "Roadmender," which means that it is well printed, handsomely bound, and illustrated with skill, sympathy and a fine knowledge of Jefferies' Land by E. W. Waite.

The Lee Shore. by Rose Macaulay. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

IN laying down *The Lee Shore*, by Miss Rose Macaulay, it is impossible not to regret parting with her hero, Peter Margerison, whose character, weak, gentle and ineffectual as it again and again betrays itself to be, has won our liking and our sympathy. Peter Margerison is one of those preordained happy-go-lucky unfortunates on whom the Fates are pleased to play cruel pranks from the cradle to the grave. From the moment when Miss Macaulay introduces him to us in his first term at school, discovering a hero in the all-conquering Urquhart, to that when Urquhart steps in between him and Lucy, whose love has been Margerison's from the start, we perceive the inevitability of Peter's eventual stranding upon the lee shore of life; and it is due to Miss Macaulay's kindly and optimistic outlook that in following the untoward course of events that land him there we experience no sense of depression. The novel is a clever one, gracefully written and instinct with a delightfully human and appealing charm; the characterisation, with the exception of Denis Urquhart, is excellent, and shows an advance in strength on Miss Macaulay's other work. Altogether a book of considerable attraction and originality.

THE LATE MR. ROWLAND WARD.

OUR readers, particularly those who are interested in big-game-shooting and natural history, will have learned with regret that Mr. Rowland Ward, the famous taxidermist, died at Boscombe on Saturday last. Although in ill-health for some time past, his interest in his work was alive and vivid to the last. Mr. Ward's history is that of modern taxidermy, a taste for which he inherited. His father was a well-known naturalist, and his brother followed the same profession in Wigmore Street till he retired in 1879. Mr. Rowland Ward was originally bent on becoming a sculptor. His nephew, Mr. Herbert Ward, is the well-known sculptor of Paris. Mr. Rowland Ward started work about the age of fourteen. At this date the stuffing of birds and mammals was crude and elementary, ill-done and ill-paid for. In some country houses relics of it may still be seen in the shape of strangely set-up birds and beasts. Very quickly Mr. Ward found scope for his talent in mounting trophies for sportsmen and naturalists. In the seventies, when he developed this new kind of activity, North America was the principal outlet for big-game sportsmen. Then it was quite easy to obtain the now extinct buffalo and fine heads of wapiti, big-horn, etc. In these early years he was an inventor of all sorts of processes in order to get the best result from mounting animals, birds, and other creatures in natural positions. Among other things, he invented a naturalist's camera as an aid to the shooter of big game, and a process for treating rhinoceros and such-like skins. In the eighties Africa became the great hunting-ground of the world, and it was in these days that the famous naturalist, Mr. F. C. Selous, began to make his name in what is now Rhodesia. Mr. Rowland Ward was instrumental in finding Mr. Selous his first companions, and such introductions (that is, between sportsmen who wanted to find fine sport in all parts of the world) have been going on ever since. He was the first to arouse public interest in animals suitably mounted and shown in their natural surroundings. His first important display was at the Colonial Exhibition in 1886, and proved a very great success. The number of people that visited the Jungle daily was enormous. At later periods, right up to the Earl's Court Exhibition, similar things have been done. In a very literal sense it may be said of him, *Si monumentum quaris, circumspice*. His work is to be seen in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington and all the provincial museums of Great Britain, in the Colonies, in America, and in collections of the well-known sportsmen of the world. No man living could possibly have known more sportsmen. His natural gifts endeared him to them. He could take a piece of wax and model you a tiger on the prowl or an angry lion in a few minutes. His knowledge of birds was so great that it was most amusing to see him transform a badly stuffed bird. Instinctively almost he would bend the neck to a true position, get the body into a right shape, twist wing or foot to a lifelike poise till the surprised owner saw the distorted skin under his deft manipulation assume the form and attitude of a living bird. One of the revolutions he made was to make proper eyes for the mounted skins. In old days the same glass eye was used for all sorts of creatures. Another thing he was very keen on in the early days was the doing away with the use of poisons as skin preservatives by sportsmen. Twenty years ago it was common for a man to treat everything with arsenical paste, and to bring home skins full enough of arsenic to kill a household. In a few years he got his way, and to-day very few people use any but non-poisonous preservatives. In those days there were no well-known methods of preserving trophies on the field so that they might be brought home. For this reason we have no mounted specimens of the once common white rhinoceros from South Africa. The saving of such big specimens was well-nigh impossible, but by the aid of his "Sportsman's Handbook," first published in 1880, which is now in its tenth edition, it was made possible for a man who knows nothing whatever of the subject to go to any part of the world, and by the use of a little common-sense bring home anything he desires in the way of natural history trophies. The mounting of specimens for museums interested him greatly, and he really produced a noteworthy change in this direction. The Natural History Museum at South Kensington abounds in fine examples of his work, such as the entire mounted elephant, hippopotamus, the African lion, specimens of animals named Wardi in his honour, such as musk ox (*Ovibos Wardi*), reedbuck (*Cervicapra Wardi*), Baltistan ibex (*Capra siberica Wardi*), bear, Tibet wapiti, Altai lynx, Transvaal giraffe, aard-vartz, etc. The latter were all presented and mounted by him. In the bird gallery there are many examples of his generosity.

Some of the incidents in his career were very amusing: for example, in the mounting of a giraffe for a museum, on its arrival no doors were big enough to receive it. The despatch of mounted carnivora, such as lions in a horsebox, frightened the porters, and the specimens in the box were put into a siding for the Zoological Gardens. Famous dogs, record heads, rare and extinct birds, such as the great auk, Labrador ducks, dodo skeletons, whose value runs into several hundred pounds each—all these are associated with the name of Rowland Ward. He was instrumental in making known to science numberless examples of big game, which have been in due course named after the sportsmen who obtained them, such as Clifton's big-horn, Clarke's antelope, Swayne's hartebeeste, Jackson's hartebeeste, Jackson's wildebeeste,

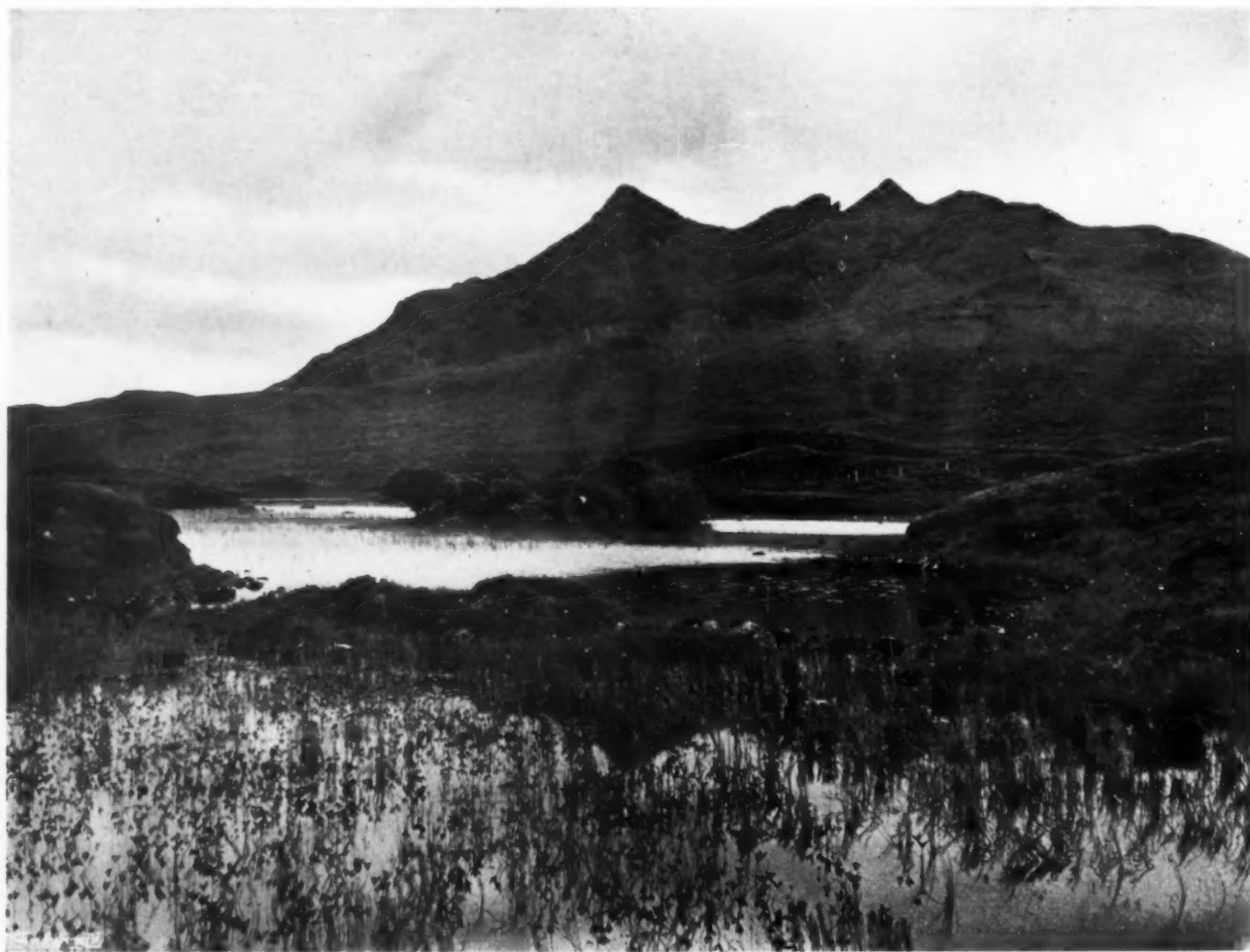
Cotton's reedbuck, Cotton's white rhinoceros, Newman's hartebeeste, Smitheman's lichi, Buxton's kudu, etc. His clients have been his friends. His work was never done with until it was right, and, as far as possible, he never would allow anything that was wrong to leave his hands. Mr. Rowland Ward was himself a very keen sportsman. Many of our readers will remember that he was

among the first to breed Mongolian pheasants, an experience carefully described by the late Mr. C. J. Cornish. He was not only a good shot, but a skilful angler. Perhaps his greatest service to sport was the publication of his "Records of Big Game." Before it appeared, sportsmen scarcely knew where they were. But this book has brought light and order to the collections.

THE PROMOTION OF NATURE RESERVES

THE formation of a Society for the Promotion of Nature Reserves will be welcomed by all Nature-lovers, as well as those engaged upon the scientific study of our native fauna, flora and geology. For it is clear that, under existing conditions, the utter extermination of wild life in these islands is only a matter of years, and that unless an effort be made to arrest the process, the time is not far off when our natural resources will be exhausted.

and contain rare and local species liable to extinction owing to building, drainage and disafforestation, or in consequence of the cupidity of collectors." It also contemplates a systematic classification and record of areas which should be secured, and when this has been done it will endeavour to obtain these areas and hand them over to the National Trust, that body being equipped with the requisite Parliamentary powers. And, lastly, every effort will be made to encourage the love of Nature



A. H. Hall.

UNSPOILED NATURE.

Copyright.

With the development, however, of cultivation and building in every direction, the love of Nature, always a predominant national interest, continues to grow as steadily, thanks in no small degree to the initiative of those who in earlier days were collectively classed as "spectacled dilettanti." We are, indeed, far away from the age which regarded the botanist with his vasculum and the entomologist with his net as little better than lunatics; and as science reaps the harvest of their unobtrusive labours in unexpected and sometimes startling ways, the wisdom of preserving what our Continental friends describe as "natural monuments" is borne in upon even the practical people, whose first question, when such matters are brought to their notice, will be, "What good will it do the community?"

The Society for the Promotion of Nature Reserves has for its main object the preservation of a part, at least, of the country in its primitive conditions, that is to say, in such a way as to ensure the continuity of fauna and flora, and to prevent the destruction of geological features, which necessarily assist scientific investigation, while appealing to the æsthetic sense of the ordinary individual. For this purpose the society proposes "to collect and collate information as to areas of land in the United Kingdom which retain their primitive conditions,

and to educate public opinion to a better knowledge of the value of Nature study.

The main idea, of course, is nothing new. Long ago the virtue of maintaining uncultivated places was recognised by the designers of gardens. "For the heath, or desert, which was the third part of our plot, I wished it to be framed, as much as may be, to a natural wildness," wrote Bacon. The vast rosemary and lavender wastes of the South of France have never failed to command the appreciation and admiration of the English traveller from the days of John Evelyn onwards. "In this tract"—in Provence—"all the heathes or com'ons are cover'd with rosemary, lavender, lentiscs, and the like sweet shrubes, for many miles together, which to me was very pleasant." And to this day France possesses an abundance of such "wastes," invaluable to the scientific student as well as "very pleasant" to others.

But it never entered into the head of anyone until much later that it was desirable to protect Nature against "the dominant terrestrial species," as Dr. Chalmers Mitchell defines mankind; much less that uncultivated spots should be set apart alike for the service and enjoyment of humanity. We owe this view of our duty to posterity to the practical German.

and from small beginnings the "Promotion of Nature Reserves" in the several units of the modern German Empire has at length been fully recognised, not as dependent on the enterprise of individuals and societies, but of the State itself. Bavaria led the way a century ago. In 1906 the Prussian Board of Finance instituted a grant "to further the widespread foundation of Nature Reserves in the kingdom," the project being supported by the ministers of religion, the medical profession and the education authority. Other Continental States have followed the example. The Netherlands Government has enclosed the Naardermeer—a part of the Zuider Zee, and a favourite breeding-place for birds. Not only game, reindeer, elk and the larger mammals have received the attention of the Swedish Government, but in the wilds of Lapland vast territories of primitive land and birch forest have been "enclosed" against the depredations of indiscriminate sportsmen and collectors. Six years ago the writer of this article visited Abisko, on the shores of the lovely Tornea Träsk. The most northerly railway in the world had just been opened, and already the tourist invasion had wrought havoc on these hitherto remote moors and mountains. Dealers were hard at work transplanting Arctic flora by the sackful. The smaller mammals, like the lemming, fearless because ignorant of the destructiveness of man, fell easy prey to "the cupidity of the collector."

In Belgium also the way has been prepared most effectively for the creation of Nature reserves by the monumental work, "Pour la Protection de la Nature," undertaken for the Belgian Royal Botanical Society—a comprehensive and splendidly illustrated survey of practically every area worthy of preservation for scientific and æsthetic purposes. Elsewhere—in France, in Hungary and in Switzerland—the State, either directly or indirectly, has done something to assist. But hitherto in the United Kingdom it has been left to individual generosity and individual effort to secure and maintain desirable sanctuaries; nor should it be forgotten that in this respect, where "beauty spots" include areas favourable to wild Nature, we owe a debt of deep gratitude to the National Trust.

It is clear, however, that the enclosure and preservation of open spaces and sites of historic interest alone is not sufficient. The acquisition of Epping Forest by the City of London has been followed by a marked decrease of the indigenous fauna and flora, due to the invasion of crowds of people who, with neither rules nor regulations in force to deter them, have often abused their privileges by destroying plants and such insects as are conspicuous enough to attract attention, and even the smaller mammals. As fatal to the free development of natural life under natural conditions is the systematic "gardening" of public resorts. Where it is practised our rarer birds are deprived of their breeding-places and of their natural insect food, and the insects of their food plants, and thus the tale of destruction is complete. Thus in enclosed parks and in many agricultural districts the sparrow, the blackbird and the thrush thrive excessively, to the detriment of corn and fruit growers as well as of the small insectivorous birds. For the latter the Nature reserve will afford favourable conditions for existence, and the neighbouring public gardens and fields will benefit accordingly. It should not be forgotten also that where the hardier species alone survive, the country tends to become monotonous, if not actually desolate. Intelligent supervision, therefore, of acquired reserves is most desirable, and this the society, through the National Trust, will guarantee. On the other hand, of course, it is neither desired nor desirable that its work on behalf of Nature should interfere with the legitimate purposes of farming, land drainage, the building of cottage homes for the working classes and the preservation of game.

Fortunately, the best Nature reserve, as a rule, will be found on land unsuitable for crops and human habitation; while in the case of neighbouring coverts the reserve, if small, may easily be fenced off; if large, the vermin upon it really destructive to game, or otherwise undesirable, can be isolated and controlled by means already adopted for dealing with rabbits on the Blakeney Marshes, to which attention has been drawn in COUNTRY LIFE. The society, therefore, makes a special appeal to the owners of large estates in which areas otherwise unproductive or useless exist in a primitive state. With

such reserves to work in, the scientist will be provided with an invaluable laboratory, whether engaged upon problems of evolution, or seeking, on behalf of the farmer, the stock-raiser, or the poultry-breeder, the cause and cure of plant disease and defective harvest due to unfriendly soil, the attacks of hostile insects, or other natural causes. For instance, we are informed that a new and profitable system of rearing chicks in a colony of Staffordshire small holders owes its inception entirely to experiments made in the Farne Islands, where a qualified naturalist was able to investigate under natural conditions the methods of feeding their young employed by various species of gulls.

Again, as Nature study takes a more and more important place in the education of children of all classes, the Nature reserve suggests an admirable school for training teachers, now chiefly dependent on knowledge obtained second-hand or picked up in the museum. And, incidentally, a teacher thus equipped should be in a much better position to impress upon the pupil the manifold adaptability of living creatures and plants to new or adverse circumstances of life, while the existence of the Nature reserve would suggest that the study of objects *in situ* is preferable to reckless collecting.

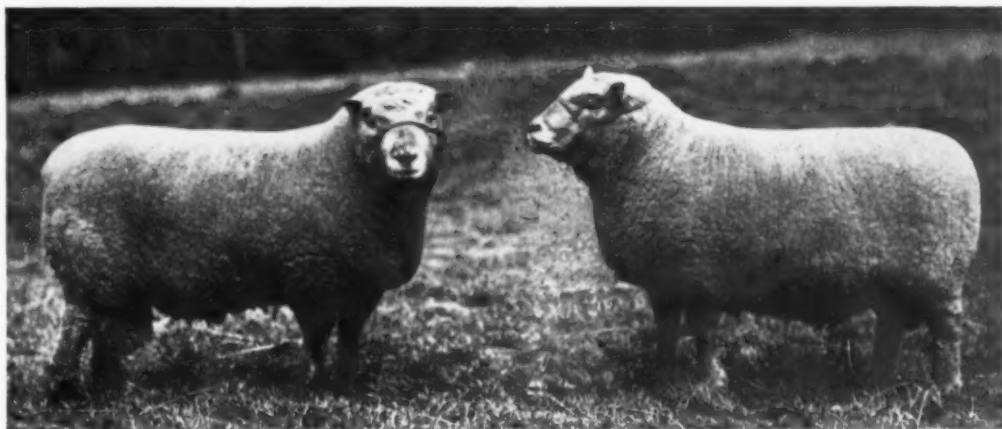
Meanwhile, whatever the nature and extent of the land marked for reservation, it is as well to recognise that there is no time to be lost. Every year "primitive" areas become "small by degrees and beautifully less" in the United Kingdom. Broads, peat-bogs, sandy heaths, bits of forest, cliff fastnesses and stretches of seashore vegetation are steadily being "improved" off the face of the earth, and it is sad to think how many local plants, insects, birds and even fossil-beds have been destroyed, when the enclosure of a few acres would have preserved them. A part of Wicken Fen has been secured by the National Trust, but there, as elsewhere in the fens, the large copper butterfly is no more. The beautiful noctuid moth, *Noctua subrosea*, has gone the same lamentable way; and how many birds which once made Britain their home in the breeding season have taken wing or been wiped out altogether by the destruction of their favourite haunts! As often as not, where the attempt is made to renew our native animate Nature with kindred species from abroad, it fails completely for want of favourable ground or want of accurate knowledge of life conditions. Late in the day the civilised world has admitted the expediency as well as the humanity of reserves for the vanishing human races. Is it too much to hope that the public will respond to a less onerous appeal on behalf of the inferior creation, and that they will assist in every way the promotion of Nature reserves to secure a remnant, at least, of the common inheritance we hold in trust for the welfare and the enjoyment of posterity? "As the art of life is learned," wrote Ruskin, whose services are fittingly commemorated in the "Ruskin Reserve," near Oxford, "it will be found at last that all lovely things are also necessary; the wild flower by the wayside as well as the tended corn, and the wild birds and the creatures of the forest as well as the tended cattle; because man doth not live by bread only."

OLIVER GREY.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES

AGRICULTURAL LIVESTOCK IN 1912.

IT is curious that in spite of the many vicissitudes to which agriculture was exposed in 1912, a review of the year discloses the fact that the prices for agricultural stock were uncommonly good. Heavy horses still command a very high price in the market, despite the extent to which they, as beasts of burden, have been replaced by mechanical power.



F. Babbage.

FIVE HUNDRED GUINEAS THE TWO.

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Shires were sold for as much as £653 for a stallion and £378 for a mare. Clydesdales were good, but they look almost better than they were because of the record sale of £9,500. We described it and the dramatic conditions at the time it took place. A mare was sold for £656. The Suffolk Punch is not going out of favour, but it did not command any of these very high prices. Strangely enough, although for all except a very few weeks in the year foreign ports were closed and the great Argentine and other buyers kept away, the trade in cattle was excellent, the highest price paid for a bull being £2,100 and for a cow £683. Herefords made as much as £378 for a bull and £536 for a cow. Aberdeen-Angus sold very well, and for some time past it has been apparent that Ayrshires are coming back into favour. Sheep and pigs have also done extremely well, although they have been dependent to a large extent on the home trade.

RAMS FOR EXPORTATION.

The two rams which we illustrate were bred by Mr. C. R. W. Adeane, Babraham Hall, Cambridgeshire. They are both by Babraham Crony 8247, winner of first prizes at the Royal Show in 1909 and 1910 and sire of the Royal Show champion, 1910. This ram was by Babraham Coming Victor 6002, first at the Royal Show, 1906, and sire of Mr. Adeane's pen of wether lambs that won the Prince of Wales' Challenge Cup at the Smithfield Club Show, 1907.

PANSIES AND VIOLAS AS ALLOTMENT CROPS.

A most interesting little account is given in the current number of the *Journal of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries* of two places where the cottagers and allotment holders supplement their incomes by growing pansies and violas. These are Hounslow in Middlesex and Hatton, a little hamlet north of Feltham. The writer says that "nearly all the cottages have their strip of garden at this time of year (the number came out in the middle of December)

covered by either pansies or violas or both." It is astonishing to hear that in allotments covering an area of fifteen acres most of the plots are devoted to growing these flowers, while not far away five acres of allotments are similarly cropped. The practice, it seems, is to grow the ordinary garden crops in the ground in the early part of the year, manuring them well with farmyard dung. Then, after the potatoes, peas, beans and so on have been removed in August, the seeds of the pansies and violas are sown in a small plot, if possible with a northerly aspect. As soon as the seedlings are large enough to be handled they are transplanted to the garden or allotment, which before this takes place has been cleared and dug over. They are planted four inches apart, and are left for the winter. This year, owing to the mild weather, many were blooming before Christmas, though their usual flowering period is March or April. As soon as suburban residents begin their spring gardening operations hawkers make their way to Hounslow and Hatton with hand and donkey carts and buy up the pansies and violas. The plants are sold in boxes usually containing two dozen, and the average price per box is sixpence, but in some cases the price is only twopence a dozen. The hawkers must make a very good profit, as they retail them at about a penny each, and some of the plants with finer blooms are readily sold for three-halfpence and twopence each. It is necessary to have them in flower, because the amateur gardener likes to know what he is buying. At the rate of threepence a dozen it is possible for a man to make seven or eight pounds profit from his crop on a small allotment. We hope that after this glowing account every small holder or gardener will not start at once on the cultivation of pansies and violas. Were they to do so, even the large appetite of Suburbia for these flowers would be glutted. The true moral of the facts is that they afford an example of what a man can do with a small piece of land by specialising in a plant for which he knows there is a good market.

ON THE GREEN.

BY HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

WHAT THE BALL DOES: SOME FURTHER TRIALS.

A FORTNIGHT ago Mr. Hutchinson wrote an interesting article on some experiments he had lately made. He painted the face of an iron club and then observed the mark left by the ball upon the face—and in one instance that of the face upon the ball—in a number of different shots: the straightforward shot, the slice, the pull and the now fashionable push. That article was illustrated by line drawings, and it was thought that it would be instructive and amusing to have the further evidence both of the camera and of the shots of other players; this week, therefore, we publish some photographs, the result of a pilgrimage to Stoke Poges, where are to be found two highly distinguished golfers—Mr. R. H. de Montmorency and James Sherlock.

I will not enlarge upon our initial and maladroit attempts at painting, first too thin and then too thick, the despatching of messengers on bicycles to Slough to buy more paint and the rain that nearly washed it all away; but one little difficulty is worth mentioning. We found that when the shots were played off the turf, the earth and the grass conspired to spoil the impression on the club face; consequently we had to use an artificial rubber tee. The result was that the players essayed shots from a tee which they would prefer normally to play off the turf, and this may account for some of the marks being rather high on the club face.

Now to take the pictures in their order, No. 1 represents that rare and cheering phenomenon, a shot struck by an eminent professional from a part of the club other than that intended. I asked Sherlock to hit a straightforward stroke with a straight-faced iron, and he accordingly struck the ball exactly down the centre of the course; but it will be observed that, to his disgust, he hit the ball very decidedly on the heel.

As in the illustration of the same shot played by Mr. Hutchinson—off the middle of his club—the impression is round and the pips well marked. Next comes a hooked shot, also played by Sherlock, but with a slightly more lofted iron. It was a beautifully clean shot, hit against a good strong wind, and the ball sailed round the outskirts

of a tree with a pretty shade of hook; it went, perhaps, a little high because of the tee before mentioned. It will be seen that the pips are very distinctly marked, and there was apparently no slipping of the ball on the club face. Contrast it with No. 3, which represents a sliced shot played by Sherlock with the same iron, with a strong left to right wind blowing. Here there is much blurring, and the club has clearly been drawn well across the ball. I may add that I also induced Mr. de Montmorency to play a sliced shot with his iron through this same left to right wind. Now Mr. de Montmorency is a player with a wonderful and enviable power, rather like that of



FIG. 1. STRAIGHT SHOT OFF THE HEEL BY SHERLOCK.
FIG. 2. PULLED SHOT BY SHERLOCK.

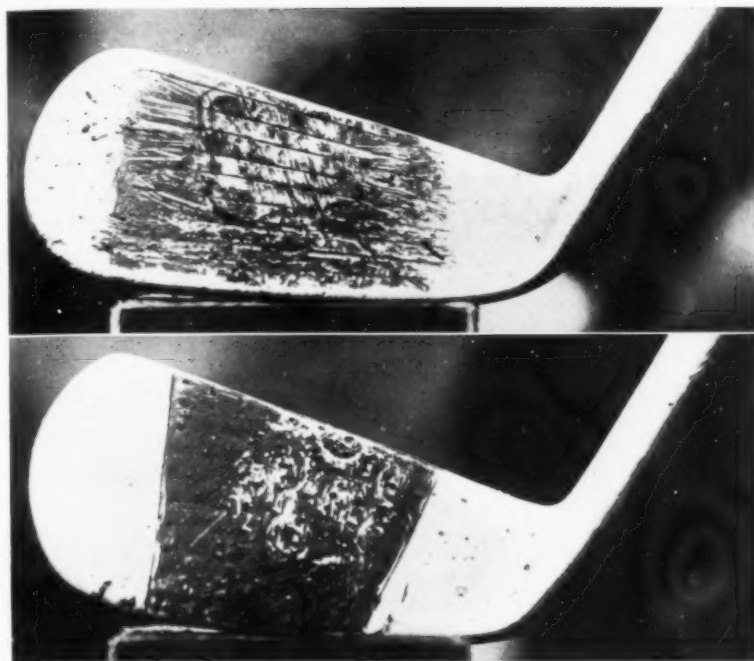


FIG. 3. SLICED SHOT BY SHERLOCK.
FIG. 4. PUSH SHOT BY MR. DE MONTMORENCY.

Taylor, of hitting a ball bang straight through a cross-wind. Nobody has less cause than he to be frightened of a wind that blows from the left; he can hold the ball up with it with the greatest ease, and always employs this method. Consequently, when we asked him to slice, he proceeded to hit two of the most perfectly straight shots, if anything slightly hooked, that never deviated an inch from the straight line; thrice happy man—he could not slice. At last, after he had been carefully arranged in an attitude by Sherlock, he did produce a shot—and a very good one—that had a turn of slice on it; but his club clearly resented the outrage, for it entirely declined to give us any mark worthy of a picture, and so this unique slice goes unrecorded.

Finally, we come to the push shot. Fig. 4 represents the mark left on Mr. de Montmorency's club in playing the shot of which he is particularly fond, though it was played with an iron and not with that curious little weapon, having a shaft about eighteen inches long, which has attained celebrity as his push cleek. Figs. 5 and 6 represent marks left on the ball by the shot as played by Sherlock and Mr. de Montmorency respectively. Sherlock's shot was particularly interesting because he has stated in print that he "never could see much difference between the push shot and the ordinary firmly hit iron shot." If coming downward on the ball and grazing the turf in front of the place where the ball lay are the two essentials of the push, then Sherlock's was a push shot, for the mark made by his club in the turf was quite a long way in front of the ball. Nevertheless, it did not seem quite the same shot as is played by Harry Vardon and others. I agree with Sherlock, and should call it an "ordinary half shot." Both balls were cleanly struck, but Mr. de Montmorency's flew a good deal lower and something the farther of the two. If the marks on the two balls are compared with those in Mr. Hutchinson's case, it will be seen that they have not that which he well described as the beehive shape, and that they come rather lower on the side of the ball—decidedly lower than I should have expected. Having no knowledge of what the jockey in "Romany Rye" called "Matthew Mattocks," I will not venture to deduce any conclusions from them.

B. D.

ORIGIN OF "GETTING INTO A SCRAPE."

AS holding the honourable office of one of the Joint-Editors of *COUNTRY LIFE*, a correspondent has written to me asking whether I think that the common expression of "getting into a scrape" has a golfing origin, arising from the trouble that most of us have experienced at one time or another of our golfing life from getting the ball into a rabbit's scrape through the green. To answer truly, I hardly know what I do think, nor, in spite of my honourable office, can I claim such lore as would give me any right to make a decided pronouncement on the point; but I do know that the Editor of Chambers' "Book of Days" appears to incline strongly to the belief that the phrase is of golfing extraction. He delivers himself thus: "There is a game called golf, almost peculiar to Scotland, though also frequently played at Blackheath, involving the use of a small, hard, elastic ball, which is driven from point to point with a variety of wooden and iron

clubs. In the North it is played for the most part upon downs (or links) near the sea, where there is usually abundance of rabbits. One of the troubles of the golf-player is the little hole which the rabbit makes in the sward, in its first efforts at a burrow; this is commonly called a *rabbit's scrape*, or simply a *scrape*. When the ball gets into a scrape it can scarcely be played. The rules of most golfing fraternities, accordingly, include one indicating what is allowable to the player when he gets into a scrape. Here, and here alone, as far as is known to the writer, has the phrase a direct and intelligible meaning. It seems, therefore, allowable to surmise that this phrase has originated among the golfing societies of the North, and in time spread to the rest of the public." It is true that the same writer mentions, but only to reject it as lacking probability, an alternative derivation, which had been suggested, from the Swedish *skrap*. We have, however, the rather slang word "scrap" in the sense of a quarrel; and it is to be noted that the learned writer of Chambers' book does not speak with entire confidence of the golfing source of the expression. Perhaps some philologist among our readers may be able to throw a more conclusive light upon its origin.

H. G. H.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FIRST CHAIRMAN OF THE RULES OF GOLF COMMITTEE.

SIR,—Mr. Ernest Lehmann has kindly written to me to point out an error in the last sentence of my article on "The Labours of the Rules of Golf Committee." I stated that Captain Burn had been chairman of the committee ever since its institution. As a matter of fact, it was Mr. Hall Blyth who was its first chairman, and who served the committee ably in that capacity for several years (as I ought not to have forgotten, seeing that I served under him during those years) until Captain Burn took the duty over from him. Captain Burn was an original member of the committee, but not its original chairman. It is not a matter of much importance, but, still—honour to whom honour is due!—

HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

THE C.U.G.C.

SIR,—In your issue of December 7th my friend Mr. S. R. James gives some interesting reminiscences of the early struggles of the C.U.G.C. I cannot allow him, however, to assign any part to me in the designing of the wonderful "red dress coat with blue facings," nor am I aware that members periodically dined attired in that garment. The period he alludes to was prior to my day. When I came up in October, 1879, I found the fame of one particular dinner was very vivid in Cambridge golfing circles, and I have asked my brother, R. C., who was one of the diners, to give me an account of it. He assigns the date of the dinner to the May or October term of 1878. He suggested to Mr. Linskill, as a means of increasing the numbers of the golf club, that a big dinner should be given. To add to the inducement he also suggested that members should wear a special dining coat of gaudy character—the coat, in fact, described by Mr. James. The dinner was held in my brother's rooms in the Old Court, where he "kept" with my brother, F. H. A long table on trestles was got in for the occasion, and about twenty sat down to dinner, some wearing the coat, others the ordinary golf coat, while the guests wore whatever fancy coats they were entitled to. The windows of the room looking on to the Court were padded with cushions to prevent any unwelcome attention or interruption on the part of dons or porters. The dinner was a brilliant success, and achieved its immediate object in making members of men who never handled a club or visited the muddy expanse of Coldham Common, but who wanted to wear the prismatic coat and to be present at a festive occasion. I believe the precaution as to the windows was extremely wise, for the proceedings were lively, not to say uproarious towards the end. One hilarious member wandered into the Court



FIG. 5. MARK OF SHERLOCK'S PUSH SHOT ON BALL.



FIG. 6. MARK OF MR. DE MONTMORENCY'S PUSH SHOT ON BALL.

and proceeded to harangue the junior Dean, who chanced to pass, from the illegal vantage point of the grass plot. He was saved from a horrible fate by another member, who captured him and carried him bodily back into the safety of the dining-room. Mr. Linskill could, no doubt, shed further light on this unique occasion. I say "unique" advisedly, for, so far as I know, the dinner was never repeated. There was certainly no dinner in my time, nor did I even see, much less wear or devise, the glorious coat.—ERNEST LEHMANN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CHRISTMAS FLOWERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have read with interest an article in your last issue concerning the numerous flowers to be found in our gardens at this time of the year, and in view of the exceptionally mild winter we are having, you may be interested to know that on Boxing Day I gathered in my garden at South Croydon the following twenty-four varieties, viz.: Primrose, snowdrop, polyanthus (numerous), double daisy (pink and white), Michaelmas daisy, *Silene compacta rosea*, *Geum atrosanguineum*, *viola* (yellow), *Aubrietia purpurea*, *Hepatica* (crimson), *Erica rosea*, *Erysimum* (Golden Gem), *Rose* (several, poor), yellow *Jasmine*, *Armeria* cephalotes, *Potentilla* (archemilloides), *Wallflower*, *Gentiana acaulis* (bud), *Arabis* (double), *Arabis* (single), *Achillea argentea*, *Iberis semper virens superba*, *Iberis Little Gem* and *Erigeron philadelphicus*. The garden is not by any means well sheltered, although it lies towards the south.—G. G.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—For the past two years I have sent you a list of wild plants that we have found in bloom at Christmas-time. Owing to the very inclement weather during the Christmas holidays it was not possible to have an all-day outing this year. I thought, perhaps, therefore that the following notes might be of interest to your readers who are botanists or lovers of wild plants: On December 21st, during a ramble between Theydon Bois and Epping, we noted twenty-five plants in flower. Among these were the barren strawberry, daisy, wild chervil, yarrow, jack-by-the-hedge, dog's mercury, hogweed, ragged robin, butcher's broom, and primroses. Of the last-named we gathered a bunch of about fifty blooms; in fact, in one place the woods presented quite a springlike appearance. On December 22nd I secured a sprig of the cross-leaved heath in bloom. During short rambles on December 25th and 26th near Shenfield I noticed several other plants in bloom, among which were the wall speedwell, nipple-wort, bulbous crowfoot, common ragwort and pink campion, the last-named in bloom in many places. On December 28th and 29th the broad-leaved dock, marguerite and spurge laurel were found in bloom near Loughton, Essex. Thanking you for your kindness in finding space for my previous letters.—W. RICHTER ROBERTS.

CHURCH UNCOVERED AFTER BEING BURIED FOR THIRTY-TWO YEARS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—In 1604 the sea rolled up to the village of Eccles, on the Norfolk Coast, fifteen or sixteen miles beyond Yarmouth, engulfed it and drowned every inhabitant, covering the whole with tons and tons of sand. Only the tower of the Parish Church remained above to mark the place where a whole community had lived and worked and played for centuries. In 1880, it is related, exactly the same thing happened as occurred last week after a violent gale—the covering sand was found to have been swept right away from Eccles Beach, leaving the church and the village exposed.—M.

CHILDREN GOING LONG DISTANCES TO SCHOOL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your issue of December 21st Mr. Horace Hutchinson calls attention to the grave injury done to young children who become over-fatigued by the long walks necessary to reach a distant school. There is another point in connection with this hardship that requires even more urgent attention. From the report for 1911 on the health of the elementary school-children, just issued by the Chief Medical Officer, Sir George Newman, it appears that something approaching half the children in England are suffering from malnutrition in a form which can be recognised by a medical man. The country areas obtain a melancholy pre-eminence in the indictment—a very suggestive coincidence. Poverty is said to be a contributory cause only to a small extent; ignorance of housewifery and of the needs of childhood receives a larger share of blame. But it is clear that the conditions of child-life set up by our elementary school system are looked upon as the chief agents at work to produce this state of semi-starvation. Many young children in the country districts, as Mr. Hutchinson and the report both point out, are compelled in winter and summer to leave home before it is possible to provide a suitable meal for them. They usually carry with them, according to Sir George Newman, a couple of slices of bread-and-butter or a piece of heavy cake—very occasionally a lump of cheese. This they eat in some corner of the schoolroom or playground between twelve and half-past one, if it has not previously been consumed at the eleven o'clock interval. It is often impossible for them to obtain any warm, fresh food till half-past five or six o'clock—nearly twelve hours after they have left their beds—when they have dragged their weary little limbs back home again. No wonder that malnutrition is a crying

ill among our school-children. The food they get during the best part of the day may not always be insufficient in itself; chemically speaking, it may even be adequate in composition. But in every other way "in its lack of freshness" of variety, of warmth, in the want of all amenities and comforts for its consumption, in the physical weariness of the children themselves—it is difficult to imagine a state of affairs more injurious to the digestive system. If it is still considered essential for the future welfare of the nation to force into the schools, winter and summer, morning and afternoon, children under eight or ten years of age, then, whatever be the objections—and they are great—against the public provision of meals, it is difficult to see by what other means we can combat this crying evil of malnutrition, which is shown to be an inherent part of our present system of elementary education.—CATHERINE D. WHETHAM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I quite agree with Mr. H. G. Hutchinson that there ought to be some arrangement in all schools, now that the children are obliged to go to school, whereby all children who live at a distance should be fetched as much as possible, winter and summer, as no child ought to be made to learn after a long walk; it spoils the growing powers and weakens the brain. For years I had night schools for boys and girls, on separate nights, in the village, and went to the school myself; but when not able to walk so far I arranged that there should be a meeting-place in the village and that the pupils should be fetched from it to my house, as it was too far for them to walk, and taken back to the same place, and it answered well. This ought to be done at all schools for those living at a distance, even if each parent was charged something to pay for it, and they would willingly pay, as it would save shoe-leather and their children would keep well. They used not to mind paying for the schooling in olden days, when their children were badly taught and sat half the time learning nothing. Now they are better taught they would, I am sure, be glad to pay, and soon find the saving of it.—J. ISABELLA DOBELL.

TRAMPS AND FOOD TICKETS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—It is satisfactory to learn from information in COUNTRY LIFE of December 28th that "on the first of the New Year the tramp in Surrey comes under the food-ticket system which has already been in vogue in Sussex, Berks and Wilts." Since that system, together with other strong and practical administration, has been enforced in the casual ward of Steyning Union, Sussex, the falling off of the visits of these gentlemen of the road has been most marked, and, indeed, I may say, as chairman of the Garden Committee responsible for the cultivation of some fifteen acres of vegetables, most inconvenient! Horse labour

has of necessity been substituted for manual labour in many processes of husbandry to make good the deficiency. Five years ago 5,127 tramps were admitted into the casual ward in twelve months, while during the past year 850 only claimed relief at our doors, and a still more remarkable fact is that during the last month seven days passed without a single admission! Other Unions have consulted us as to the methods employed to bring about this striking reduction in numbers. The answer is extremely simple—"We wash them and work them." The professional tramp has an allotted task of stone-pounding to perform before claiming his discharge, but the *bonâ-fide* workman with the useful passport of a recently stamped Insurance card is allowed to proceed on his journey, with a food-ticket in hand for the provision of a midday meal, as soon as his cubicle has been cleaned and put in order. To show these casuals that they are selling their labour in a very cheap market appears to prevent their making further visits and assisting in garden work. A passing remark to the labour master that "these are useful men at 5jd. per day" (their actual cost for food) would seem a shaft destined to find a joint in the harness of the most case-hardened tramp. The very suggestion that he is giving more value than he gets makes him hesitate to wander to the place again. Without doubt, the personality of the porter and labour master, and their loyal support in carrying out the regulations of the Poor Law Guardians, largely help to bring about a reduction of numbers in casual wards; but these officers must be provided with the necessary bathing accommodation and cubicles to deal with all comers. To have the highways of the district free from these wayfarers is a boon, especially to the women-folk living in lonely cottages, who in the past have often been annoyed and frightened by impudent beggars.—ERNEST ROBINSON.

TREATMENT OF AN IRON TANK FISH-POND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With reference to the treatment of an iron tank fish-pond, which appears in your issue of December 28th, might I suggest that your correspondent should line the sides of the tank with stone slabs, jointing the angles with cement and covering the bottom of the tank with broken paving set in cement. This, though not proof against the green growth, would, I believe, to a great extent alleviate



THE TOWER OF THE CHURCH.

the trouble. The top edges of the tank might also be covered with slightly projecting stones set dry in order that small rock plants and moss would grow.—KENNETH DALGLIESH.

TO DESTROY WATER-VOLES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As a regular subscriber to your paper, I write to ask if you can tell me the best method of destroying water-voles. They undermine the banks of

some ornamental ponds and let the water out. I am told that they will only eat greenstuff, and that virus and other things poisonous to rats are ineffective with them. I shall be very grateful to you if you can give me any information in COUNTRY LIFE.—EDWARD H. THURLOW.



CHAPPIE "AT HOME" IN THE TIMBER YARD.

December 14th, a small Yorkshire terrier (Chappie) was enjoying some fine sport on his own account. Chappie, who is four years old and weighs eleven and a-half pounds, is the property of James Davies, one of the estate workmen, who lives at the main lodges. It being Saturday afternoon and a half-holiday, his owner was taking him for a stroll in the park with some idea of possible sport. Passing an oak tree which stands on the edge of a pond, and under which are several rabbit-holes, Chappie suddenly became much excited and went to ground under the tree. In a few minutes it was evident to his owner that he was fiercely engaged, and being rather anxious how his little dog was likely to fare, he started off to the gardens a few hundred yards away, to get tools to dig him out. Having told his business to the head-gardener, Mr. Harding, he was readily supplied with spade and pickaxe, and Mr. Harding and his foreman, Charles Crocker, accompanied him back to the tree. Davies began to dig; but Mr. Harding

A GAME TERRIER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—While the Warwickshire hounds were hunting in the deer park at Ragley Hall on December 14th, a small Yorkshire terrier (Chappie) was enjoying some fine sport on his own account. Chappie, who is four years old and weighs eleven and a-half pounds, is the property of James Davies, one of the estate workmen, who lives at the main lodges. It being Saturday afternoon and a half-holiday, his owner was taking him for a stroll in the park with some idea of possible sport. Passing an oak tree which stands on the edge of a pond, and under which are several rabbit-holes, Chappie suddenly became much excited and went to ground under the tree. In a few minutes it was evident to his owner that he was fiercely engaged, and being rather anxious how his little dog was likely to fare, he started off to the gardens a few hundred yards away, to get tools to dig him out. Having told his business to the head-gardener, Mr. Harding, he was readily supplied with spade and pickaxe, and Mr. Harding and his foreman, Charles Crocker, accompanied him back to the tree. Davies began to dig; but Mr. Harding told him to "hold hard," as he could hear the dog well up in the inside of the tree. On looking round, a hole was found about nine feet above the water on the pond-side, and about this time Chappie came out, with a very bloody face, by the hole he had gone to ground, lapped a little water, recognised his master and returned to business. A short ladder was now procured and stood in the water against the tree. Davies, scrambling on to it, inserted a stick downwards into the hole and, after rattling it a bit, a fine fox bolted out of the hole by which Chappie



THE SCENE OF THE ENCOUNTER.

had gone in. Chappie came out close behind him, but immediately returned. After a little more rattling a second fox bolted from the same hole, Chappie again following him out, but immediately returning as before, when, after a somewhat longer interval and further agitation with the stick, a third fox bolted, closely followed by Chappie, who seemed quite satisfied that his job was well over, and made his master understand that there was nothing more to do. He was a good deal mauled about the head, his long hair dirty and matted with gore, and one of his fore legs had also evidently been bitten. This extraordinary

exhibition of pluck was witnessed by three men whose testimony is beyond suspicion. This little dog, weighing under twelve pounds, was busily engaged with three fresh foxes, either together or in succession, for about one and a-half hours, with only a lap at the pond about halfway through the fight. I went to see the little hero the next day (Sunday), when he seemed but little the worse, and when photographing him on Monday morning he seemed as brisk and pert as usual, although one fore leg was carried up for choice. I may say that he has lost several of his front teeth, and others are twisted from a kick he received when chasing a bullock last summer. I do not believe he could hold a live rabbit in the open unless he secured a very lucky grip. I enclose photographs of Chappie and of the scene of this extraordinary encounter. He has always been ready to take on other dogs, great or small.—GEORGE W. RAIKES.

THE PAHANG SHEEP.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A correspondence initiated in connection with my recently published book, "The Sheep and Its Cousins," is resulting in much interesting information with regard to breeds of domesticated sheep in various parts of the world to which there is little or no reference in European works. Among other photographs received since the publication of the aforesaid volume are two kindly sent by my friend Mr. Herbert Robinson, Director of the Federated Malay States Museum at Kuala Lumpur. These photographs, taken by Dr. W. S. Leicester, represent a ram and ewe of a breed of short-tailed sheep kept on the east coast of Pahang, of which no account appears to have been hitherto received in Europe. The ram had recently been shorn when the photograph here reproduced was taken; but the ewe still retains her fleece, which appears to be short and curly—not unlike, in fact, that of a Soa sheep. Both sexes are dark-coloured—especially on the under parts and limbs—lop-eared and short-tailed; but whereas the rams carry a stout pair of closely curled horns, the ewes are polled. The rams have also a pronounced fringe on the chest. In the shortness of the tail and the absence of fatty cushions on the rump, these Pahang sheep differ very widely from the fat-tailed and fat-rumped breeds so common in the low-lying countries of the East, these features connecting them with the short-tailed breeds of Tibet and the Himalaya. The ram, although lacking the pronounced Roman nose, seems, indeed, to present a considerable resemblance to the Himalayan breed known as the cagi, of which a head is shown in Plate XII. of "The Sheep and Its Cousins," the ewes of that breed being hornless, while the ears in both sexes are pendent. As no wild sheep are known from the Malay countries, the Pahang breed must probably have been derived from the same stock as the Himalayan cagi. Its special interest consists in the retention of a woolly fleece and a short and cylindrical tail, as nearly all other lowland tropical sheep are of the fat-tailed, long-tailed, or fat-rumped type, or have hairy coats.—R. LYDEKKER.



THE PAHANG RAM (recently shorn).

HERON AND TROUT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—When I first took up my residence here fourteen years ago, I found the Kennet swarming with fish of several species, and never had any difficulty, although I am not an expert at throwing a fly, in catching lots of trout, many of which must have been in the river for three or four years. When wandering in the water-meadows my eyes used to be gladdened by the sight of the heron's stately flight, and I often soliloquised to myself upon his beauty and wished him good luck as the patient sportsman that he is. But the very trait and pursuit which Englishmen most admire in themselves, they condemn in others. They begrudge to the herons, the kingfishers and the otters, and even the jolly little dabchicks—all of which go to enhance the joys of a day's fishing and wandering by purling rivers and streams—their natural food. The truth is, the matter touches their purses, and that is an unpardonable offence from both man, beast and bird. "My fishing, my shooting, etc., costs me such-and-such a sum," they clamour. Vulgarly enough, in my idea! And therefore, besides herons and kingfishers, etc., the gamekeepers from one end of the United Kingdom to the other continue to kill down everything which is not paid for, and dub it "vermin," and are, to boot, often intensely ignorant as to birds' habits: the hovering kestrel, which, as a race, does not kill young pheasants and partridges; the buzzard, which prefers moles and such-like; the hobby—largely an insect-feeder, but not averse to small passerine birds; the owls, which will devour countless numbers of that real vermin, the rat. It is rarely, if ever, that I see a heron now, where once they were an everyday occurrence, and I know that a near neighbour has for some time ordered these fine birds, along with the beautiful kingfishers, to be killed. Well! the herons seem for some few years to be pretty well a thing of the past, yet the trout have so diminished that a large number have to be turned into the river year by year. If the herons were here, of course they would be the culprits. When they were here, there were plenty of trout—certainly enough to give the sport that was needed—besides thousands of coarse fish. "Beastly birds," one hears people say, "they're always destroying my trout, my pheasants, etc.," as the case may be. "Beastly men," perhaps the birds retort, "they're always destroying us."—HUBERT D. ASTLEY, Benham Vale, Newbury.

P.S.—And to judge by the egrets' plumes and those of the birds of Paradise, etc., which one sees in the hats, the birds may well say, "Beastly women," too. What a scandalous shame that is!—H. D. A.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have seen, with considerable interest, Sir F. C. Gould's sketch of a heron striking a fish, in your issue of December 21st. I absolutely agree with him as to the method in which the heron strikes a fish, and the same is well illustrated in a cinematograph film that Mr. Percy Smith of the Kineto Company, Limited, and myself have taken of this bird fishing. However, it may interest Sir Francis and the readers of COUNTRY LIFE to see how the heron in his sketch would appear from under the water. Referring first to Fig. 1. B is a trout under the water.

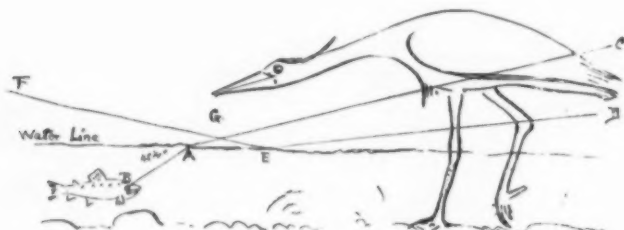


FIG. 1.—DIAGRAM SHOWING THE TROUT'S FIELD OF VISION.

Up to the point A this fish can see through the surface, but beyond the point A the surface of the water appears to him as a mirror, and the bottom of the stream is reflected. Thus the fish sees a circle of light above him, and the point A is on the edge of this circle of light, but beyond A the surface of the water appears brown, green or red, according to the character of the river bottom, and if the water is still, exact images of the objects on the river-bed are reflected from the surface of the water. Now rays of light above the line A C are refracted into the eye of the fish, and so the neck and body of the heron, greatly foreshortened, appear to him to be at the point G, above the edge of the circle of light at A. But behind the heron is the river bank, and on the bank shrubs and bushes, and perhaps a hundred yards away tall trees. Now, the rays of light from these shrubs, bushes and trees do not reach the eye of the fish in a direct line through the surface, because water is a denser medium than air, but



FIG. 2.—FROM UNDER THE WATER.

are refracted, and the images of the same appear to the fish to be at the point G, above the circle of light. The foreshortened neck and body of the heron is therefore seen against the shrubs and the trees on the bank, though he may be some considerable distance off. This is the optical explanation. In Fig. 2 I have represented a sketch from under the water portraying the same. In Fig. 2, B A C is the edge of the circle of light in front of the fish. On the edge of this circle is seen the foreshortened neck and body of the heron with the trees beyond. Both the heron and the trees appear as silhouettes against the light of the sky immediately above the circle of light, and are rimmed round with red and yellow rays. Beyond the point A the fish cannot see through the surface of the water, but sees the legs of the heron below the water up to the arrow in the diagram, and the reflection of the same from the surface. It is with great interest that I have read the heron correspondence in your issues during the last month, but "the proof of the pudding is in the eating," and I never remember having shot a heron flying off a trout stream without finding trout in his gullet, stomach, or traces of the same in the intestines.—FRANCIS WARD.

MAPS OF FARMS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It may interest some of your agricultural readers to know that the "maps of farms" offered by a circular from the Board of Agriculture prove on enquiry to be merely the sheets of the six-inch Ordnance Survey, and only maps of farms in the same sense that a map of England is a map of Devonshire.—A. T. M.

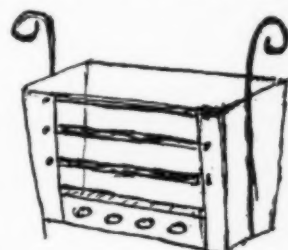
[We have communicated with the Board of Agriculture and received an answer of which the following is an extract: "I am directed by the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries to advert to your letter of the 4th inst. and to send for your information the enclosed copy of the circular to which your correspondent

takes exception. It will be observed that the circular explicitly refers to the Ordnance Survey maps on the scale of 1/2500, or 25.344 inches to the mile, and that it contains a specimen of that scale. It clearly states that 'the sheet or sheets containing your farm' can be supplied. The Board fail to understand, therefore, how the circular can be regarded as misleading in any respect. There is no foundation for the statement that the maps offered 'prove on enquiry to be merely the sheets of the six-inch Ordnance Survey.'"—ED.]

MOVABLE FIRE-BASKETS

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With reference to your note on this subject in your issue of the 7th ult., I send you a rough sketch of a movable fire-basket which was in regular use in my house as a boy. It was easily carried from room to room by passing a short poker through each ring of the outstanding wires on the ends.—W. R. L.



AN OLD-FASHIONED FIRE-BASKET

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I read the allusion to fire-baskets in the Christmas Number of COUNTRY LIFE. I well remember them, chiefly I think because of the dislike my father had to them, as looking mean and poverty-stricken, and giving out no heat. These baskets were made of iron, and in form were not unlike the French *hotte*, but were, of course, much smaller, and not, in proportion, so long. They had rather high backs, open bars in front, and handles at the sides. An aunt of mine (who had to study economy) frequently used the fire-baskets, and would say on a cold night: "We will not leave this nice fire here, we will have it upstairs." The fire-basket was sent for, and the coals (red-hot cinders chiefly) were then, by means of the tongs and a shovel, placed in the basket. A hood of light sheet-iron was attached to it by means of hooks, and this cover and the strong handles made it quite easy to carry the fire upstairs. It was always held with the back to the carrier, in case of the escape of any smoke or "fumes." The basket was dropped into the centre of the grate where it was wanted, when a few sticks were added, and some small knobs of coal or coke soon made a small but good fire. The base of the basket was solid, so the combustion was slow—and economical! It was a perfectly safe contrivance where only a small fire was needed, and I have often wondered that the use of the fire-basket has been so entirely discontinued—but I suppose the modern slow-combustion grate is too shallow to take it.—E. M.



FIRE-BASKET IN WROUGHT IRON.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I see in your Christmas Number a correspondent enquires about a fire-basket. When a boy at home we had one in use for small rooms. It was carried about with live coals, and I do not remember an accident. It was made entirely of wrought iron, the bars rather close together and the handles a fixture; but then all our firegrates had hobs in the old-fashioned way. I am afraid

it would hardly be suitable for use in the modern grate, as the handles would get burning hot. I am enclosing a rough sketch of it. It may be useful to your correspondent; if so, I shall be—GLAD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have just come across the letter from "E. C." in your Christmas Number enquiring about the use of fire-baskets. It will interest your correspondent to know that I have one of these in a small cottage in Kent and find it very economical in consumption, and that at night I take it up by its handles and put it in the bedroom grate. I have had a fire in my basket burning for over four hours without attention. The enclosed photograph gives a good idea of what mine is like.—H. G. MALCOLM LAING.



A FIRE-BASKET STILL IN USE.

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